PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS

PET OF THE MONTH
LENA ANDERSON
SPREADS HER STEMS

THANK GOD FOR SLUTS
PAVING THE WAY TOWARD SEXUAL FREEDOM

DOES SIZE REALLY MATTER?

HOW TO PLEASE YOUR
HIGH-MAINTENANCE BITCH

GANGSTER GIRLS
WHO RULED THE UNDERWORLD

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FROM THE PUBLISHER

GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS

World-renowned psychologist Meredith Chivers made headlines in 2009 when she revealed the results of her controversial study on female sexuality. This wasn't quantitative research comprised of discussion groups and multiple-choice questions. Chivers wanted scientific answers, so she hooked up some willing women (and men) to a device called a photoplethysmograph and played a series of videos ranging from solo masturbation to hetero sex to bonobo chimps mating. Then, she asked participants to report how aroused they felt while watching, as the photoplethysmograph recorded their genital blood flow. The men's ratings lined up with their erections: heterosexual men were turned-on my heterosexual sex; gay men were turned-on by gay sex; chimp sex did nothing, mentally or physically, for any of them. But the women were much more complex. (Please, contain your shock.)

Chivers found that women were turned-on by sensuality. It wasn't so much about the person on the screen, but what they were doing. Women showed no arousal watching a handsome, healthy man doing yoga moves or men throwing stones into the ocean, but a video of a naked woman performing calisthenics sent girls rocketing to Planet Horny. And according to the photoplethmysmograph, most of the women were physically turned-on by watching chimps mate, even though they denied any mental attraction.

Women are complicated. But you know this. Chances are that if you're reading this magazine, you've been asking yourself what the ladies want since the day you hit puberty. There isn't a definitive answer, and it would be boring if there was. The quest to figure out one another is what's kept our species going. That, and great sex.

Our love of women has always been the focus of the Penthouse brand. So this month, we give you a celebration of girls, girls, girls—from so-called sluts to female gangsters, high-maintenance bitches to the great women of rock 'n' roll.

Enjoy!

Kelly Holland

Publisher

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IF THESE LEGS COULD TALK
November Pet of the Month,
Lena Anderson

PENTHOUSE

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August 2017
Pet of the Month
Gina Valentina

MAIL DOMINANCE

Last weekend 2011's Pet of the Year, Nikki Benz, came to the Diamond Lodge in Rootstown, Ohio, to strip for her many fans, including me. This is a 100 percent naked club, so every inch of Nikki was enjoyed by all. Since Nikki is from Toronto, I taped a Canadian flag to my shirt. Not a bad idea from a man on Medicare who has no need for Viagra (not with women like Nikki around). Another pictorial of her would be super, or even a reprint from years ago. She is my idea of what a beautiful, sexy woman should look like: long blonde hair and huge jugs. Let's have more women like Nikki in *Penthouse*.

—Steve, via USPS

[Ed: Good news! Our Executive Editor is Canadian. She confirmed that taping a flag to your shirt is a known mating call up North, so you made the right move and you didn't even know it. And we hear you on the jugs. We love a good pair of knockers.]

I bought the magazine off the shelf for the first time in my life last night. I'm 49. Don't get it twisted. I have looked at its pages many times in my life. Mostly when I was younger, but I commandeered it from others. Anyway, congrats on cranking out the mag. Keep it going!

—Danny B., via email

[Ed: Thanks pal. We will keep cranking it as long as you keep spanking it. Cheers.]

I just received a copy of the fantastic September 2017 issue. Seeing delicious babe Dawn Shaw, the September 1976 Pet of the Month, was wonderful. I hope that you will continue to print Penthouse Pets from the past. Three cheers for *Penthouse*.

—Dennis C., via USPS

[Ed: Our vault is full of gold. We're happy to share it with you every month.]

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

TITTY TITTY BANG BANG

JANINE tended bar at this New Orleans dive that I passed on my way home from work every night. I waited tables at the Hotel Monteleone and we always had a ton of tourists thanks to the Carousel Bar, which was a mecca for assholes. I usually left work in a horrible mood.

Janine was always ready to pour me a drink and listen to me bitch. I think I had a little girl crush on her. Her bar was a dumping ground for exhausted blue-collars who just needed to unload after work. Each night, I watched Janine listen to everyone's annoying complaints, like she actually cared. She made everyone feel special.

After a long, hard shift that paid almost nothing in tips, I went to Janine's bar.

"Hey Alison, what can I get you?" she asked, as I plopped down on a barstool.

"A Sazerac, please."

I didn't particularly like anything with Cognac, but Sazerac was the one drink indigenous to New Orleans that was revered for its quick reaction time if your goal was to forget a shitty day. This was definitely my goal.

"I was stuck with a dining room full of cheap tourists," I said, as Janine slid me my drink. "How's your evening been?"

"Same old shit." She put two shots of tequila on the bar between us. "This one's on me. Bottoms up."

My one Sazerac turned into three and a few more shots. Next thing I knew, Janine and I were dodging the potholes on Bourbon Street, deep in the strip club circuit. When we passed a gentleman's club called the Harem, Janine dragged me in, promising it would be fun.

I'd never been to a strip club before. My last girlfriend went to one all the time, and I swear it was a dancer there who had led to our breakup.

Janine and I took seats in front of the stage. She held up some crumpled singles and whistled. I watched as she slipped a few into the girls' bejeweled G-strings.

"Have you ever had a lap dance?" Janine asked me when she sat back down.

"Me? Yeah, right." I was stunned she had even asked.

Janine grinned as she waved down a nearby dancer, a beautiful girl with platinum blonde hair and a "Craig" tattoo on her arm.

"Hey, doll," Janine smiled. "How much for a lap dance?"

"It's twenty a song."

"Her. Right there. She's had a rough day."

Suddenly, a surgical masterpiece of double-Ds named Oksana trapped me under her smooth, tanned body. I was immediately uncomfortable. Oksana smiled and kept on riding me. She looked me straight in the eye and told me to relax. As she kept caressing her body with mine, I started to feel a warmth flood through me. She spread her legs and leaned her tits toward my face and I had the sudden urge to kiss her. I pushed the thought away.

I watched her clap her ass, and got goosebumps when slipped her jeweled fingernails across my shirt. She grazed my nipples with her thumbs as Janine gaped from behind her wineglass. I felt like I was going to explode with Oksana teasing my breasts as I grinded into the velvety chair, discretely trying to create some friction. She ran her fingers through my hair and brushed her tits against mine. Maybe it was the booze, but I threw away my inhibitions and melted under her spell. Oksana suddenly stood up, grabbed my hand, and led me to the back of the club. I followed her like a puppy.

She pulled me into a small, dark room decorated with red velvet curtains and glowing paper lamps. She pushed me onto an armchair and slid her body over mine. Without saying a word, she slipped my shirt over my head, crouched down, spread my knees apart, and put herself between my legs.

With purpose and direction, Oksana traced the tip of her tiny nose all over my chest, teasing my nipples with her wet, soft tongue. She cupped her hands under my breasts, pushing them into her face as she massaged and purred. She ran her lips across my neck, under

SHE CUPPED HER HANDS UNDER MY BREASTS, PUSHING THEM INTO HER FACE AS SHE MASSAGED AND PURRED.

my chin, and moved her hand up my skirt and began rubbing over my underwear. Then she hooked the side of her finger under my panties and slipped it inside me, pumping in and out as I grew wetter and wetter.

I had lost myself in her movements. I was panting, clenching my teeth as she finger-fucked me with one hand and pinched my nipples with the other. She moved up to my face, breathing an inch from my cheeks. She was in complete control of me. I pushed my hungry pussy toward her as she slipped out her fingers and began rubbing her whole hand between my legs.

As she passed back and forth over my clit, I clenched my stomach and threw my head back and moaned, as if the tension could escape through my breath. Finally, she pulled my head up and kissed me. I had never been kissed like that before. Her tongue was soft and strong as it consumed my mouth. I grabbed the back of her neck, pushing myself further into her.

Still rubbing her hand through the heat between my legs, a rush erupted through my entire body. I came, gasping into her mouth as I rode wave after wave of a seemingly endless orgasm. She rubbed harder, coaxing every drop out me until I couldn't come anymore.

"Are you okay?" Oksana asked with all the attentiveness of a mother.

I couldn't even speak.

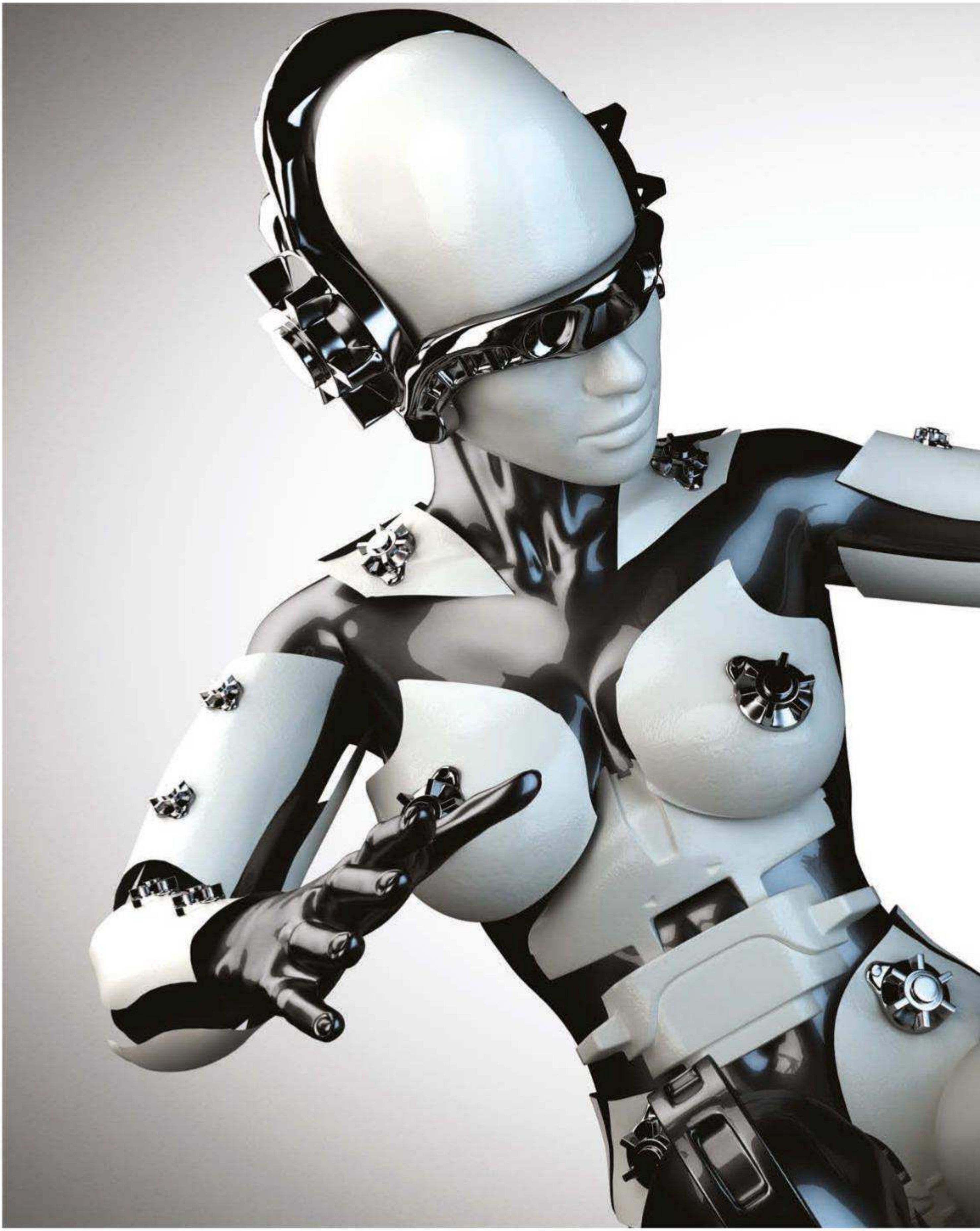
Oksana passed me my shirt, kissed me, and slipped out of the room. My brain was swirling, trying to assemble what had just happened.

Damn. I guess it was the stripper that led to our breakup. Totally worth it.

—Rebecca J., New Orleans, Louisiana

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: *Penthouse* magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email us at letters@penthouse.com.



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WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

ROCKER KNOCKERS

SWEDISH pop star Tove Lo is a flasher, and we love it. Because we have eyeballs.

During sets at two popular music festivals this year, she whipped off her shirt and gave thousands of fans a different kind of show.

Back in the day, Courtney Love used to flash her tits onstage all the time. Hell, she even let a stranger lick her nipple at a Wendy's, but that was during her dark, *dark* days of cocaine. Love's ethos was shock value with a pinch of feminism and a dash of crazy. Tove Lo's reason? If boys can go topless, why can't girls?

We got your back, Tove…and your front.

"I want to get to a place where women can be naked the same way that men can—funny naked, or naked just to be naked," she told British music mag *NME*.

It's a great idea in theory, but we just can't imagine a day when topless women will not cause fatal traffic accidents. *Seinfeld* tried to prove that, despite popular belief, there is in fact good naked and bad naked. A woman brushing her hair while nude? Good naked. Straining to open a jar of pickles? Bad naked.

We happen to disagree with the "bad naked" part, of course. And forget "good naked"—Tove Lo bouncing around topless onstage in summer heat is *amazing* naked.

HERE LIES JOHNSON

PENIS enlargement surgery? Why not? Well, because you could die, just like a Swedish man did earlier this year, suffering cardiac arrest when a glitch occurred.

According to the *Journal of Forensic Sciences,* the 30-year-old Swede was under the knife for both cock-widening and elongation. The International Society of Aesthetic Plastic Surgery reports that 8,400 penile enlargement surgeries are successfully performed each year. But this guy wanted to go the extra mile, girthing up along with adding length.

That's what sent him from bonerland to boneyard. Like most cosmetic surgeries, this one involved fat extracted from one area of the body getting stuffed elsewhere—in this case his love wand. And though the plastic surgeons talk of success, urologist Tobias Kohler says penile enlargement is not smart, contending it often doesn't go well. And beefing up both length and girth simultaneously is especially risky.

Kohler suspects some of the fat meant for girth leaked into veins that were opened during the elongation, and then traveled into the man's lungs and caused his heart attack.

The tombstone jokes kind of write themselves.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / DUBASSY / ANDREY_L

BUZZ KILL

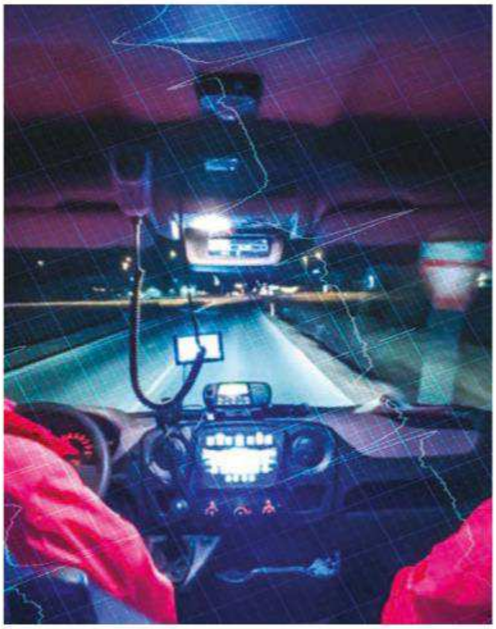
THOUGH most people at Burning Man will insist that weed is totally good for you, a new study in the *European Journal of Preventive Cardiology* found that, just like cigarettes, smoking marijuana is linked to cardiovascular death. The study proved that people who smoke weed on the regular are 3.42 times more likely to die from high blood pressure. So much for your relaxing high.

Like most studies, this too was far from perfect. Though it considered the subject's history with cigarettes, and the regularity with which they smoked marijuana, the study neglected to account for the variety of the herb. Cannabis is a complicated plant with over 400 chemicals in each strain, and specific strains are never truly duplicated. And the study couldn't prove that marijuana directly caused high blood pressure, only that the two are linked.

If smoking weed doesn't give you high blood pressure, then finding your kid wigging out from inadvertently eating your stash probably will. Apparently, the kids of pot-indulging parents are at risk by proxy of the adults' failure to hide their drugs.

According to a report from CNN, the number of children in France under the age of six admitted to the emergency room for unintentional marijuana intoxication has increased 133 percent in an 11-year span. "We have to also warn consumers and parents that it could be very dangerous for children to eat such products," Dr. Isabelle Claudet, lead author of the study, told CNN. "Because usually, parents think it's not very harmful because they're smoking it, and it relaxes them. But if a child ingests one stick or [bud] ball, they can become comatose."

Hide your pot, France. This isn't hard.



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MOBILE M.D.

ACCORDING to a recent report in *Time* magazine, house-call medicine is making a comeback.

A new medical concierge service called Heal is taking health care out of doctors' offices and sending it straight into the homes of the American people. Heal is an app where you can dial up a visit from a physician as easily as you can order a sausage pizza.

Right now, the service is available in a handful of cities in California, Northern Virginia, and Washington, D.C., but CEO Nick Desai has plans to expand to the rest of the country.

"Traditional health care is mired in bureaucracy, inefficiency, and overload, so doctors push papers rather than see patients," Desai told *Time*. "Patients either overuse the ER, or avoid doctors altogether. Understanding the home environment and having more time with patients translates to savings for all."

Heal doctors are available seven days a week, 12 hours a day, and the service accepts insurance from most major health care providers. Don't have insurance? An initial visit will cost you $99, which is comparable to a walk-in visit. We like the sound of this. Why go sit in a germ-infested waiting room when you can have a doctor come right to your living-room couch?

PEEPING TOY

WHAT happened to privacy? Whether we're giving it away willingly by tweeting out the exact location of our latest poke bowl, or being stalked by some algorithm that seems to know we were shopping for a Makita XOB01Z 18V LXT Lithium-Ion Cordless Random Orbit Sander, our privacy has taken a hike.

But at least we still have the bedroom, right? At least we still have fucking. Though, apparently not, if you invite the We-Vibe 4 Plus into your life.

According to a pair of New Zealand hackers, who go by the handles @g0ldfisk and @rancidbacon, the people at We-Vibe take full advantage of the sex toy's Bluetooth capabilities to gather usage data from customers. The device connects to a smartphone app, allowing your partner, in the bedroom or across the country, to toggle vibration levels as the toy works its magic.

At a Vegas hackers conference, "fisk" and "bacon" examined the We-Vibe app's code, determining that information was being sent back to the manufacturer, Standard Innovations Corporation.

Wait, what? You wanna use our bedroom habits for market research? Responding to a public uproar, Standard Innovation Corporation's president, Frank Ferrari (great porn name, BTW), issued the following statement:

"At We-Vibe, we strive to create innovative products that have our customers' preferences in mind. We-Vibe collects data on the use of its products in terms of vibration intensity and mode for market research purposes so that we can better understand what settings and levels of intensity are most enjoyed."

Okay, fine. But "fisk" and "bacon" also discovered it was possible to hack the vibrator and control the device. Some stranger—like the pimply computer nerd down the block—could break into your lady's toy and ramp that sucker up to 11. Could be dangerous.

BIG DADDY NAZI

CELEBRITIES love to saddle their kids with horrible names. Frank Zappa got in on the action early, calling his son Dweezil and daughter Moon Unit. Kim and Kanye christened their little muppet North West. Gwyneth Paltrow and that Coldplay guy named their baby after nature's toothbrush, Apple. Meanwhile, U2 guitarist The Edge decided to mess up his kid's life by naming her Blue Angel.

But for sheer parental shittiness, nothing beats the infamous "Nazi Dad," Isidore Heath Campbell, who named his son Adolf Hitler.

The father of ten first made news in 2008 when he and then-wife, Deborah, tried to get a cake made for little Adolf's third birthday. Walmart refused to write "Happy Birthday Adolf Hitler" in white (duh) icing. After the media caught wind of the story, the Campbells and their three kids at the time—Adolf, JoyceLynn Aryan Nation (yes, you read that correctly), and Honzlynn Jeannie—were outed as the Nazi family of Pennsylvania.

The outspoken papa Campbell put on his jackboots and seized the opportunity to goose-step his way into the limelight. Unsurprisingly, the state removed his kids from their home for "safety reasons." Hons Heinrich, their fourth kid, was taken away immediately after birth in 2011.

"I have different beliefs. I believe in whites [living] with whites, blacks with blacks," Campbell once told *The Atlantic,* arguing that the First Amendment gave him the right to name his kids whatever he pleased. "I don't see anything wrong with that."

Campbell and his wife eventually divorced. He remarried another white supremacist and named their new daughter Eva Braun, after Hitler's mistress…and promptly lost custody of her. But this year he went all out, legally changing his own last name to Hitler.

Congrats, fraudulent Führer. You've now damaged the psyches of ten innocent children. You, sir, are an epic *scheisskopf.*

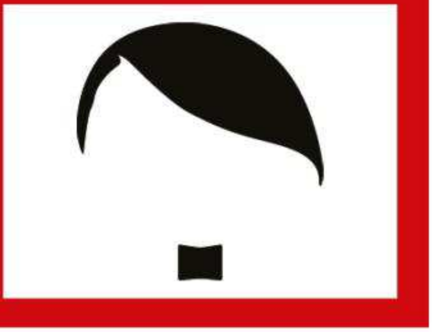


PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / KOPYTIN GEORGY / GERCEN

GOOD SOLDIERS

SOLDIER ants that are injured during raids can alert fellow members, who then carry them back to base, *New Scientist* magazine reports.

The Megaponera Analis, a species found in sub-Saharan Africa, is a specialized predator that feeds exclusively on termites. Groups of 200 to 500 ants venture out to raid nests—first, large ants called majors break open the nest, then smaller ants called minors rush in to kill and retrieve termites.

However, termites are also fierce predators with big jaws, and ants are often injured, losing limbs in the process. Instead of being left behind, they're picked up and carried back to the nest to recover and return to battle.

But how? When injured, the ants appear to release a pheromone produced in the mandibular gland. When the nestmates detect it, they will pick up their wounded comrades and carry them home, where they are able to recover in safety.

Speaking of the injured ants: "At first they kept tripping over, because they thought they [still] had six legs," says Erik Frank at the University of Würzburg, Germany. "Inside the nest they were safe to adapt and change their locomotion. It was completely new and unexpected."

The idea of ants helping their comrades isn't so remarkable, says Sara Helms Cahan at the University of Vermont. "Ants do many things that could be considered helping. But this type of behavior—where individuals are cared for after they're injured—is a new element in the arsenal of ant-helping behavior."

Under these circumstances, she adds, this behavior makes a lot of sense. "We often think about ants as being kind of like trees with leaves: Every individual doesn't matter very much because there are so many of them. But if you have a small colony, that's actually a pretty important investment."

PHOTO: GEOFF GALLICE FROM WIKIMEDIA COMMONS

GEARS OF PORN

NAVY Chief Special Warfare Operator Joseph John Schmidt III is leading a double life. By day, he's a highly decorated member of the elite U.S. Navy SEALs, an inspirational community leader who gives pep talks to children with special needs, and a recruiter for the elite Naval Special Warfare teams.

By night, Schmidt transforms into Jay Voom, male porn actor and star of at least 29 adult films, including *Apple Smashing Lap Dance* and *Strippers Come Home Horny from the Club.*

What's more, Schmidt is happily married—to porn megastar Jewels Jade. The couple has shot a number of films together for Jade's porn website and film distribution service. There are also videos that feature Schmidt with two other triple-X stars, Mena Li and Ashden Wells.

Obviously, the Navy is none too happy about this. But Jade, who has been married to Schmidt for 17 years, insists that high-ranking Navy officials have known about her husband's second job for years. How could they not, she argues, after they invited her to the commandos' Coronado campus to sign autographs when she was named a 2011 Penthouse Pet of the Month way down in our Australian chapter.

The official military rules are quite strict about these kinds of shenanigans. Active and even retired servicemembers must seek permission to engage in work that might negatively affect the public perception of the armed services. Schmidt had not sought the relevant authorization for his work as a porn star—although we can see why he probably didn't bother.

In a statement to the press, Captain Jason Salta said, "We have initiated a formal investigation into these allegations. There are very clear regulations which govern outside employment by [Naval Special Warfare] personnel as well as prohibitions on behavior that is discrediting to the service."

Even if top brass had been quietly condoning his moonlighting gig, Schmidt, who is just months shy of retirement, faces an investigation that could affect his rank and pension.

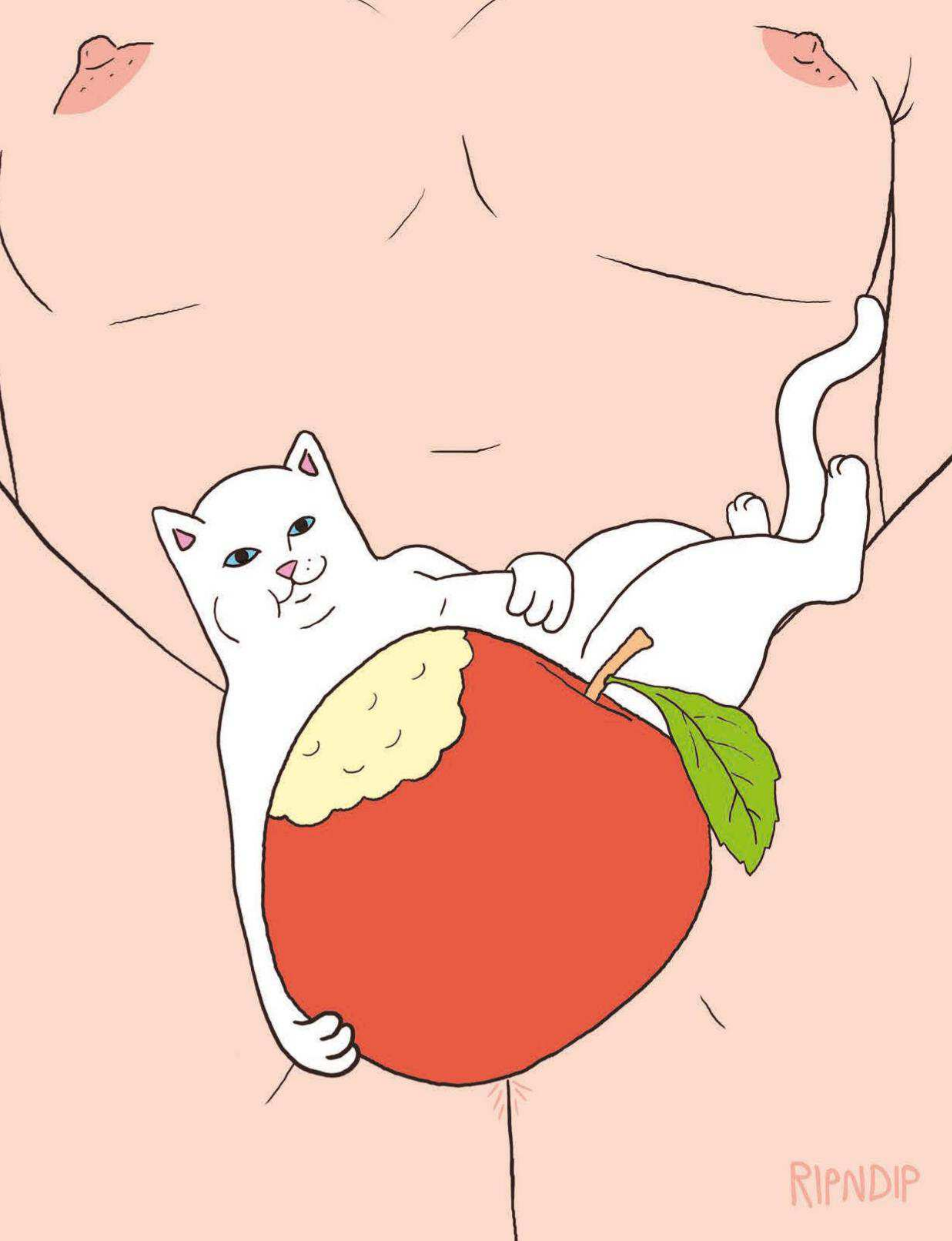
BEST TIME TO BANG

A STUDY from Forza Supplements recently found that the most effective time to have sex is at 7:30 A.M. You will have the most stamina after a good night's sleep and the rush of endorphins gained by your morning romp will give you a supercharge that coffee can't match.

Most of us, both single and in relationships, have sex at night, in the dark, at the end of the day. The research shows that having sex 45 minutes after you wake up is the key to happiness. Forza also reported that the best time to have a drink is 6:10 P.M., the best time to go to sleep is 10:10 P.M., and that all your most "mentally strenuous activities" should be completed at 9:45 A.M.

We don't know how they were able to define such a subject notion as "the best" of anything, but we're more than happy to have sex before cereal…and a beer after work.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / ANDREY_POPOV



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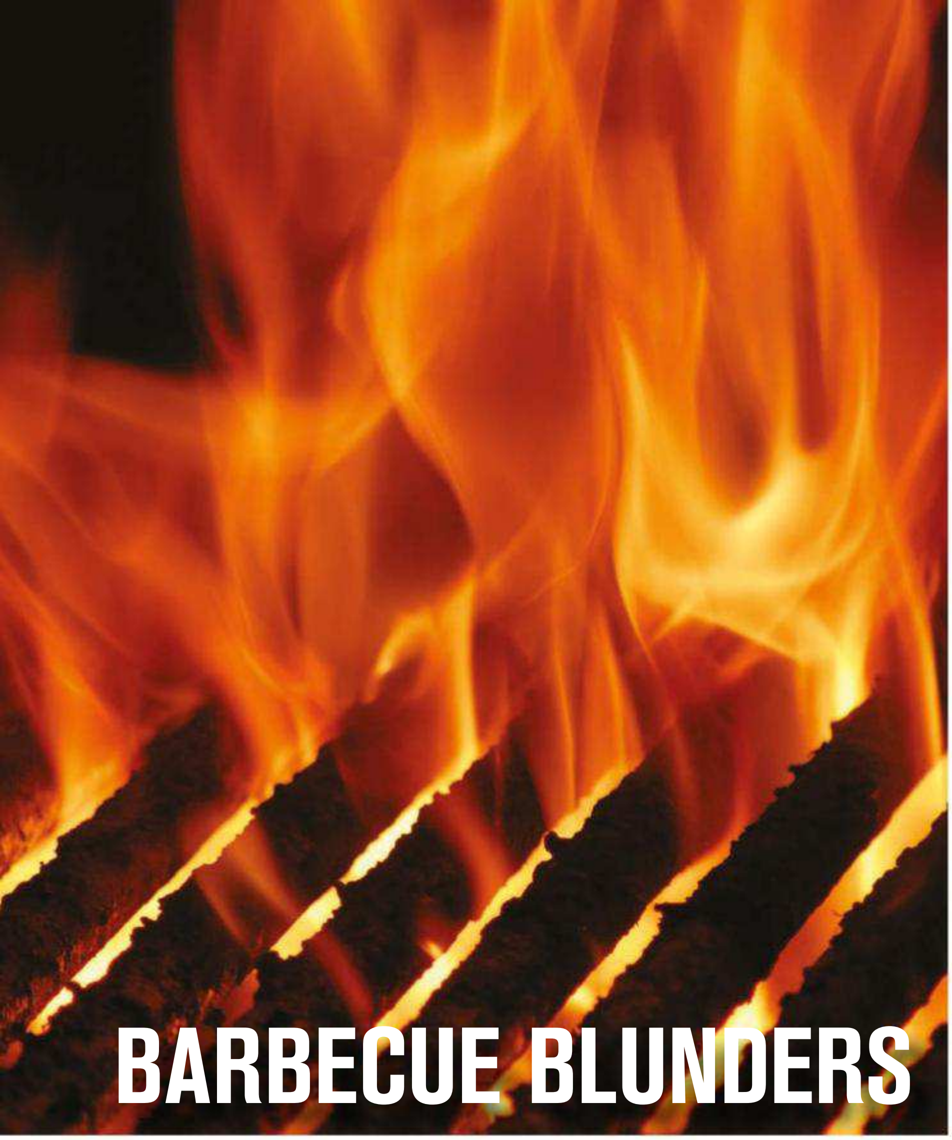


BARBECUE BLUNDERS

A CONNECTICUT man turned himself into a human shish kabob when he fell off a roof and impaled himself on a barbecue grill rotisserie stand. The man had been hired by the Danbury Social Club to inspect an exhaust fan. When he got on the roof for a better look, he slipped and fell 10-feet landing on the 30-inch rotisserie stand. The fire fighters were able to slice the post, but a foot-long piece remained jutting out of the man's side as he was taken to the hospital for surgery.

That wasn't the only barbecue related injury as of late. Our Northern pals at Health Canada have started a campaign to end the use of wire-bristle barbecue brushes claiming that they have caused a shocking amount of intense injuries in the past few years. According to the CBC, under the Canada Consumer Product Safety Act, Health Canada can "take a range of enforcement or corrective measures if a product poses a danger to human health or safety." But we all know "enforcement" in Canada is going to be more like a cuddly hug from the authorities.

How the hell does someone injure themselves with a wire-bristle barbecue brush? Down the hatch! Alberta resident, Kim Schellenberg, was hospitalized after accidentally swallowing a bristle that was stuck in her hamburger. Schellenberg had to undergo two intense surgeries on her neck and throat just to undo the damage. After a week in the hospital, the doctors still couldn't find the bristle. She passed it like a kidney stone, but the wiry bastard had done his destruction.

Schellenberg wasn't the only Canadian this happened to. Many other surgeons across the country reported having to dislodge bristles from patient's throats (many of them children.) It's not just Canadians, according to a study conducted at the University of Missouri, an estimated 1,700 people showed up at the emergency room with wire-bristle injuries over a 12-year time span. This number seems small compared to the murder rates in half the states in our nation, but Canadians take these injuries seriously. (Not a lot happens up there.) Health Canada is on a mission to get the wire-bristle brushes banned. Go Canada.

YO QUIERO LIFT?

UBER and Lyft are in a constant competition for greatness. Which company has the best drivers, cheapest surge prices, and highest star ratings? We have a theory. Everyone on the East Coast is all about Uber, while the West Coasters are proud Lyft riders. Lyft is cheaper per mile, and you can tip your driver on the app. No one on the West Coast ever carries cash. We're just stupid that way. Whatever your choice, Lyft is about to win the battle, because they have teamed up with Taco Bell. A marriage made in delicious, trans-fat heaven!

According to *Time magazine*, this past July, Lyft started testing its so-called "Taco Mode." During this test period, Lyft riders in Orange County, Southern California (the guinea-pig zone), were able to grab a free taco between the wasted hours of 9 P.M. and 2 A.M. without a hiccup.

Why did Lyft want to link up with the Denny's of Mexican food? Competition, duh. You see, UberEATS, the food-delivery service, has created a huge stir, and when they added McDonald's to the service, customers could get their Big Macs and McNuggets without lifting their asses off the couch. What more could Lyft do, but link up with another fast-food chain?

Though the trial period is only benefiting the surfers and Burger Records millennials in the O.C., Lyft promises a nationwide rollout as soon as humanly possible. You can pretty much guarantee that if you're taking a Lyft home after midnight with your drunk girlfriend, you'll end up with a stomach ache instead of a blowjob.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / ANDREY_POPOV / NKAHLER

I'LL BE BACK

RUSSIAN engineers have taught a humanoid robot named F.E.D.O.R (Final Experimental Demonstration Object Research) how to shoot guns with both hands. The intelligent android's ultimate objective is to travel into space to help with rescue missions, which has led many to question why the hell it needs to know how to fire a gun. The creators of the space-bound bot claim that accuracy with pistols improves motor and decision-making capabilities, and—despite obvious appearances—they are not trying to create a Terminator.

In a weak attempt to allay people's suspicions, Russian Deputy Prime Minister Dmitry Rogozin took to Twitter to announce his country's achievement. "Robot platform F.E.D.O.R. showed shooting skills with two hands," he wrote. "We are not creating a Terminator, but artificial intelligence that will be of great practical significance in various fields."

Incidentally, this is exactly what somebody who was creating a Terminator would say.

Besides knowing how to fire guns, the definitely-not-a-Terminator can use keys, screw in a lightbulb, and even drive a car.

Lord Martin Rees, Astronomer Royal and Emeritus Professor of Cosmology and Astrophysics at the University of Cambridge, warns that robots could potentially rule the world within a few centuries. However, with the advent of Russia's gun-toting robot, this day might come a lot sooner.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / ROMAN3DART

MUSIC

SHE'S GOT IT

WOMEN WHO ROCK OUR WORLD

BY CHRIS COLLINGWOOD

ARE you tired of having to keep track of who's in Taylor Swift's posse? Don't have time to look up what Katy Perry just said about what's-her-face on Twitter? Hey, guess what? You don't have to! Clive Davis may not want you to know it, but there are plenty of amazing women having impressive careers in what's left of the music industry. This month we feature some of our favorite women you may not have heard of.

Brooklyn's **Big Thief** followed up their widely acclaimed 2016 debut *Masterpiece* in near-record speed with 2017's *Capacity*. Fronted by singer/guitarist/lyricist Adrianne Lenker, Big Thief deliver raw, haunting songs that burrow deep and don't let go—thanks largely to Lenker's uncanny ability to tell a sad, sad story. Her frail vocals have a confessional quality and sometimes listening to Big Thief feels like eavesdropping on something dark, lovely, and forbidden.

The Dø are a French pop duo comprised of chanteuse Olivia Merilahti and multi-instrumentalist Dan Levy, who first met while working on a film soundtrack in 2005. Once a couple, the two have separated yet continue to make albums, thanks to modern technology that allows them to collaborate without actually having to be in the same room. What a world. Though their first two albums sounded a lot like many other indie guitar bands, the new *Shake Shook Shaken* is almost all programmed. Normally I'm partial to natural instruments, but this album is exquisitely assembled and has moments of heartbreaking beauty.

Nicole Atkins released *Goodnight Rhonda Lee* this year, channeling personal turmoil and on-again, off-again sobriety into an instant retro soul classic. Stylistically miles away from 2014's meticulous electro-pop *Slow Phaser, Goodnight* was recorded live to tape using all the classic instrumentation of your favorite seventies vinyl albums—strings, horns, Nashville guitars, muted pianos, and drums. Anyone familiar with Atkins' spine-tingling powerhouse voice could have told you this is where she belongs.

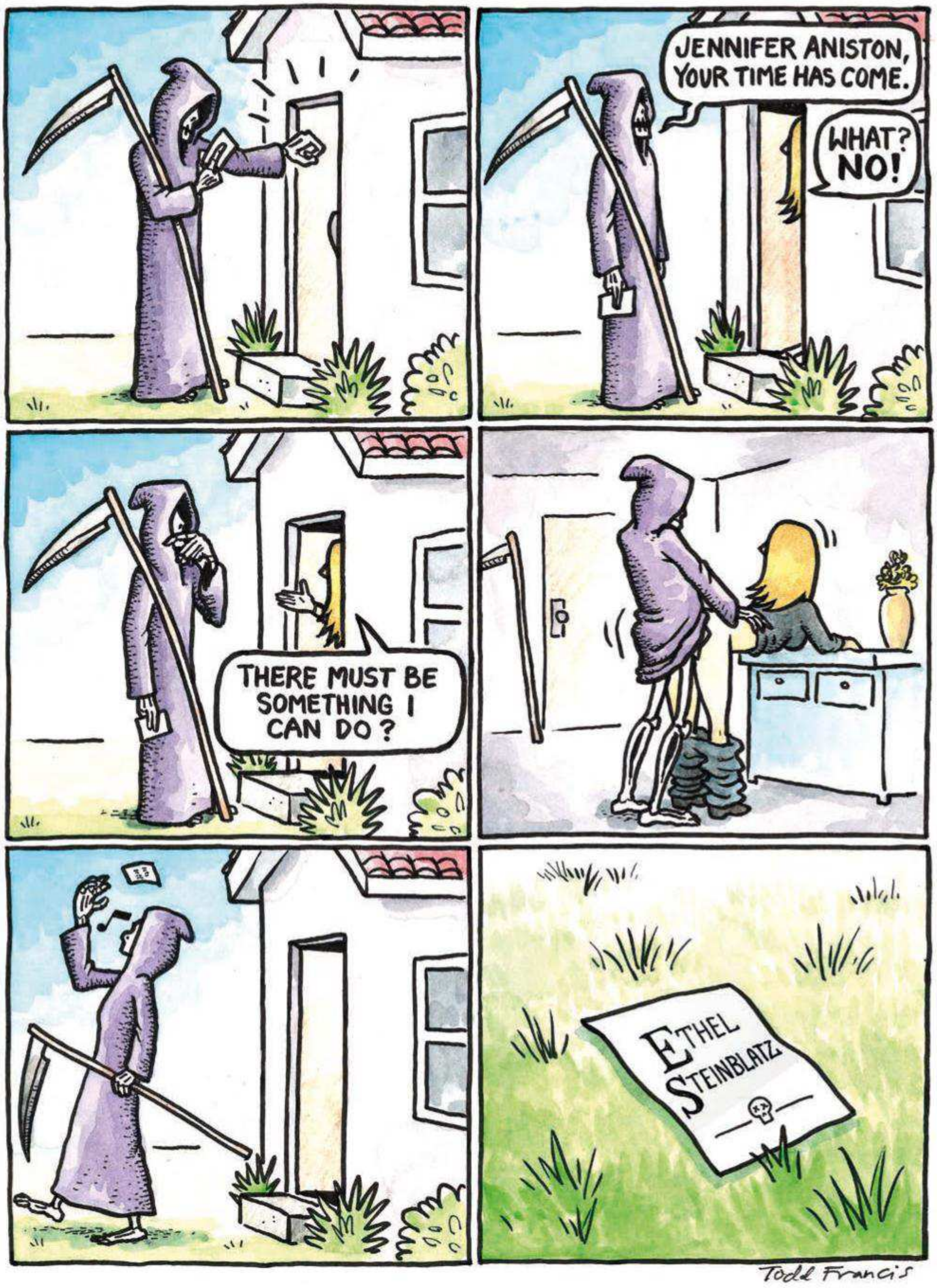
Singer/songwriter **Tristen Gaspadarek**, or Tristen, released her fourth album in 2017, called *Sneaker Waves*. Tristen made a name for herself with quirky homemade tracks on the internet before releasing a full-length LP in 2011, the well-received *Charlatans at the Garden Gate*. *Sneaker Waves* is a thoughtful record, veering between melancholy guitar pop and more layered experimental keyboard numbers.

The New Orleans outfit **Tank and the Bangas** are difficult to describe—an unlikely amalgam of rock, funk, hip-hop, spoken word, and soul that somehow manages to be all and none of those things. "Tank" is vocalist Tarriona Ball, who speaks, sings, philosophizes, and rhymes with conversational authority over a sputtering, playful ensemble in what might pass for the soundtrack of a very confusing Broadway musical.

While **Alyeska** take their name from an archaic spelling of "Alaska," singer/guitarist Alaska Reid came to Los Angeles not from the 49th state but from Montana. She and drummer Ben Spear must have made a kick-ass demo because somehow they got to record their debut EP, *Crush,* with legendary producer John Agnello (Sonic Youth, Dinosaur Jr., Kurt Vile). Reid's got a sensual delivery that calls to mind Rickie Lee Jones in 1979, if she were backed by layers of gigantic guitars and a walloping, airy drum kit. Find some good headphones and take in the space, because *Crush* is the last record to come out of NYC's famous Magic Shop. You can practically smell the amplifiers.

Chris Collingwood is a singer, songwriter, and cofounder of the rock group Fountains of Wayne. His new band, Look Park, released their eponymous debut in 2016. Follow him @lookpark

PHOTO: GETTYIMAGES.COM / ANTHONY PIDGEON


JENNIFER ANISTON, YOUR TIME HAS COME.
WHAT? NO!
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING I CAN DO?
ETHEL STEINBLATZ
Todd Francis

(WO)MAN OF THE MOMENT

NATASHA LEGGERO

WHILE many female comedians like Amy Schumer, Chelsea Handler, and Iliza Shlesinger are known for their self-deprecation, Natasha Leggero is just the opposite. She makes fun of everyone except herself. Leggero's onstage persona is half Anna Wintour, half snotty cheerleader—a cynical socialite who's as ruthless as she is politically incorrect.

Onstage, Leggero dresses like Elizabeth Taylor—all furs, diamonds, and long white gloves—and talks like a total bitch who aspires to join the upper crust, the social circle where every girl has a pony. She bounces in and out of character, one minute lamenting the loss of the world's diamonds, the next, ridiculing friends with kids for ruining their lives and vaginas: "Having a baby is like a DUI from the universe." With Leggero, the world is her oyster, and that oyster needs to be mocked.

Though her stand-up career has brought her the most notoriety, she's also appeared on shows such as *Modern Family, Drunk History, Reno 911!,* and was a judge on NBC's *Last Comic Standing*. Leggero also berated her fellow comedians on Comedy Central roasts of both actor James Franco and pop star Justin Bieber.

"Justin's fans are called 'Bielibers,'" she smirked, leaning towards the celebrity audience, "because these days it's considered politically incorrect to use the term 'retards.'"

In 2015, Leggero created and starred in a Comedy Central series called *Another Period,* and before that, hosted a web series called "Tubbin' With Tash," where she conducted interviews from her hot tub. She is currently touring with her husband and fellow comedian Moshe Kasher on their Endless Honeymoon Tour.

"I think comedians have a synapse in their brains that sometimes connects things that the average person understands but would never be able to think of," she told *Esquire*. "It's something in your head that you can think of the darkest thing and make it funny."

Besides her sharp, nasty wit and gorgeous resting-bitch-face, we respect that she knows how to handle a backlash.

Like in December 2013, when SpaghettiOs made a weak attempt at honoring American vets by tweeting, "Take a moment to remember #PearlHarbor with us." On a New Year's Eve NBC special, Leggero was joking around with host Carson Daly when he brought up the weird tweet.

"It sucks that the only survivors of Pearl Harbor are being mocked by the only food they can chew," she said.

Everyone and their grandmother flipped out. Just like Joan Rivers did when a heckler freaked out at her about a Helen Keller joke, Leggero had to remind her audience that comedy is a way of processing the most difficult moments in life.

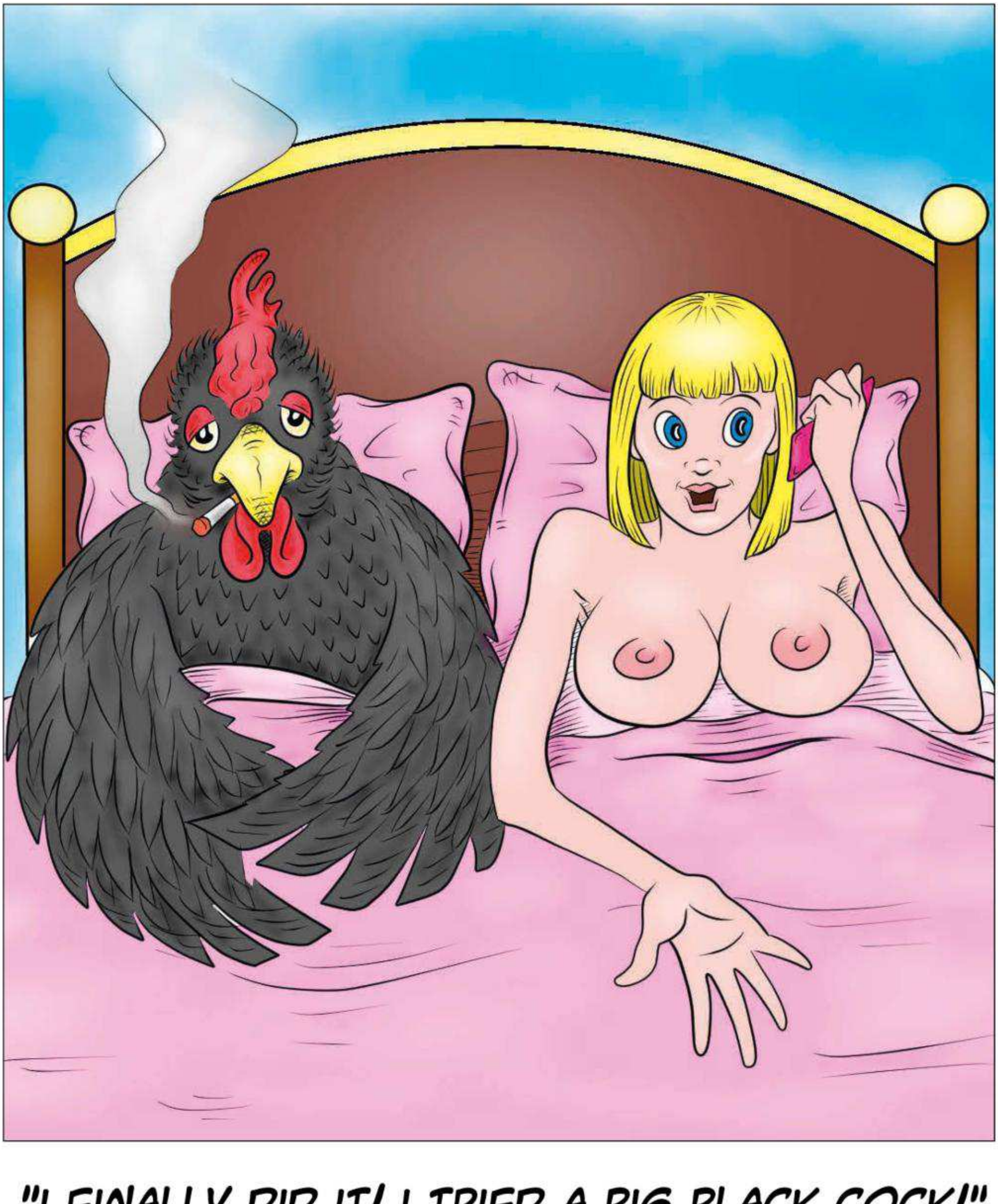
"I'm not sorry," she wrote on her website. "I don't think the amazing courage of American veterans and specifically those who survived Pearl Harbor is in any way diminished by a comedian making a joke about dentures on television. Do we really believe that the people who fought and defended our freedom against Nazis and the Axis powers will find a joke about SpaghettiOs too much to bear?"

Leggero ended the letter with a link to the Disabled American Veterans charity and told her critics to put their money where their mouths were.

Praise.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / MATT WINKELMEYER

GOALS **By Warren E. Elliott**



"I FINALLY DID IT! I TRIED A BIG BLACK COCK!"

GIULIA AKA @scientwehst

THIS month's Crush is a New York-based visual artist whose erotic collages went from internet fame to being exhibited in Manhattan's Museum of Sex. Though her fans only know her as @scientwehst, her friends call her Giulia. We guess we're getting chummy, because the rising star invited us into her bedroom, where she posed exclusively for *Penthouse*.

How did you develop your unique style of collage?
About two or three years ago, I started creating random pornographic collages where I replaced genitalia with images that looked phallic, typically food. This slowly evolved into me looking for any images that resembled a female body. That was then refined into looking for only architectural images that resembled the female form. It's hit or miss when it comes to sourcing images. It's really an endless Google search with years of subliminal conditioning to see the female body in almost everything I look at.

What do you love about what you do?
Creating art is liberating. There aren't many opportunities during the day to feel unconstrained or unpressed mentally, so in a way it's very meditative. There wasn't much "integrating" since our Father, Social Media, immaculately conceived my collages.

What do you love most about the female form?
The landscape of the female form is beautiful. As a curvy woman in this world, I've had to grow to love those parts of a woman's form to love myself.

Find more of Giulia and her art on Instagram and Twitter: @scientwehst

PHOTOGRAPHY BY: NATALIA MANTINI

Marilyn Monroe in *The Misfits*

FILM

THE REAL DEAL

BY SARAH WALKER

WE sure love the ladies. And we especially love films that love the ladies. Forget all that CGI, stunt-double, superhero bullshit of the modern-day multiplex. We prefer our big-screen damsels smart, complex, and beautifully flawed.

The Misfits **(1961)** Marilyn Monroe's best and last film, scripted by then-husband Arthur Miller, directed by John Huston. The heavily pill-addicted Monroe was gorgeous as Roslyn, a hot-mess divorcée who shacks up with an aged cowboy in the Nevada desert. "We're all dying," she says to costar Clark Gable, a line that turned out to be depressingly prophetic—Gable died 12 days after the shoot ended; Monroe overdosed a year after the film's release.

Carrie **(1976)** Sissy Spacek freaked everyone the fuck out as the titular wallflower-turned-psycho in Brian De Palma's horror classic, based on Stephen King's novel. Spacek nails the part of the sad, telekinetic teenager, tormented by her classmates by day, terrorized by her batshit mother at night. Who can blame her for incinerating the school and everyone in it?

Annie Hall **(1977)** Diane Keaton broke the mold for female leads in Woody Allen's highest-grossing film, and won Best Actress for her turn as the goofy, sexy, neurotic Annie, whose unique sense of style and self has practically become an institution. La de da.

Something Wild **(1986)** We love everything Jonathan Demme directed, but this quirky film holds a special place in our hearts. Melanie Griffith plays Lulu, a vampy wild child who kidnaps the dorky Jeff Daniels, forces herself on him, and then brings him to her high school reunion, where things get even weirder. Not many people know about this oddball cult classic, but maybe we can change that.

Sweetie **(1989)** Strong, complicated women are at the dark heart of every Jane Campion film (*The Piano, In the Cut, Bright Star*), but it all began with *Sweetie,* the director's first feature about two sisters, one nicknamed "Sweetie" (Geneviève Lemon), who terrorizes the family with her crazy-ass behavior. A sad, cool, out-there gem.

The Grifters **(1990)** Anjelica Huston and Annette Bening are sociopathic con artists and nemeses, in Stephen Frears's adaptation of Jim Thompson's 1963 pulp novel. All big blonde hair, spike heels, cigarettes, and silencers, Lilly and Myra are opposite sides of the same coin, each hurtling toward their own terrible destinies.

Georgia **(1995)** Jennifer Jason Leigh stars as Sadie, a waifish addict and singer who lives in the shadow of her older sister, Georgia (Mare Winningham), a bona fide music star. Leigh plays drunk and desperate with all her might, singing badly and behaving worse in one cringeworthy scene after another; all we can do is watch and endure the heartbreak.

Jackie Brown **(1997)** Pam Grier was already the goddess of 70s blaxploitation, but her role in Quentin Tarantino's adaptation of Elmore Leonard's *Rum Punch* catapulted her to a new level. Self-possessed and sexy as hell, Grier effortlessly carries this film—one of Tarantino's best—about a middle-aged stewardess caught smuggling cash for an L.A. gunrunner.

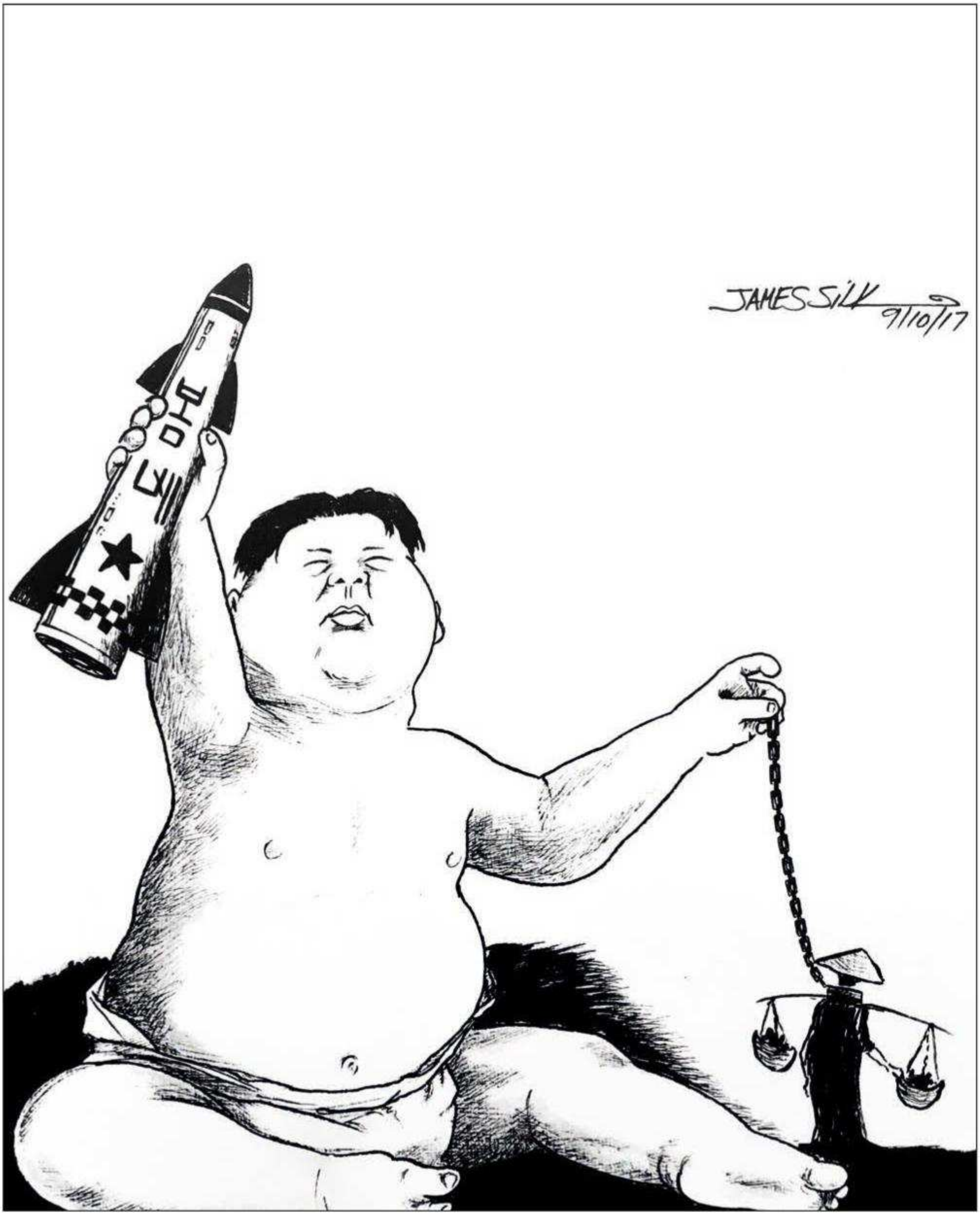
Jesus' Son **(1999)** From the get-go, Samantha Morton ripped our hearts out and stomped them into oblivion—check out her film debut in 1997's *Under the Skin*. *Jesus' Son* is no different. Morton plays Michelle, GF of Fuckhead (Billy Crudup), in this adaptation of Denis Johnson's novel about Midwestern junkies. As with every role she takes on, Morton exudes playfulness and pain.

Happy-Go-Lucky **(2008)** British writer/director Mike Leigh makes a lot of movies about women, and our favorite of all his intricately drawn characters is Poppy, a quixotic young schoolteacher and the outlandishly optimistic center of this film. It's a fantastic role that landed the previously unknown Sally Hawkins a Golden Globe.

Blue Valentine **(2010)** Before this film, Michelle Williams was a lingering fart from *Dawson's Creek*. But this indie drama changed our minds: the lovely lady can act. Williams plays Cindy, a smart and cynical premed student who falls hard for damaged underachiever Dean (Ryan Gosling). It's one of those rare films where you forget it's all make-believe.

Sarah Walker, a long-suffering Penthouse employee, was the Sundance correspondent for Fangoria magazine.

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES.COM / ERNST HAAS


JAMES SILK
9/10/17

GAMING

IMPERIAL GIRL
STARS WARS: BATTLEFRONT II

(EA Games, Xbox One, PS4, PC)

WITH a standing army literally cloned from a single dude and a command structure that only promotes females if they're as physically imposing as *Game of Thrones'* Gwendoline Christie, the Galactic Empire from *Star Wars* is the biggest bro-down outside of our own galaxy's Silicon Valley. *Stars Wars: Battlefront II* shatters the Imperial glass ceiling by putting players in the armored suit of a female Imperial trooper named Iden Versio. (Think of her as the anti-Princess Leia.)

Her story starts after the Rebellion strikes back. Versio, leading her squad of elite Imperial commandos on Ewok-infested Endor, looks to the sky to see the second Death Star go kablooey, obliterating the Imperial authoritarian lifestyle she was indoctrinated into as a child. Now she's in an empire without an emperor and a military relegated to the underdog role of an insurgency.

Versio's story spans the 30 years between *Return of the Jedi* and *The Force Awakens* as she seeks revenge against the New Republic's greatest Rebel scum, from Luke Skywalker to Han Solo. Does she have a change of heart along the way? We won't say.

A redoubtable trooper, Versio uses every weapon and vehicle of the bedraggled Imperial military at her disposal, including a flying drone companion that proves even *Star Wars* villains need the companionship of cute droids. All these weapons and vehicles—from X-wings to scout walkers—are available in a multiplayer mode that has grown more robust since the prequel. Once again you'll fight on the ground, in the air, or in deep space for either the New Republic/Rebellion or the Empire in the most famous battles of the movies. Collect "battle points" to assume brief control of the galaxy's hottest action figures—from Yoda to Kylo Ren to Darth Maul—as a fan-service balm for anyone butthurt over a headstrong female leaning in to a career in their favorite fascist Galactic Empire.

LADIES' MIGHT: GAMING'S BIGGEST BREAKTHROUGH BABES

> 4 <

SWITCH HITTER: TRACER FROM *OVERWATCH* (BLIZZARD, PC)

Fans of this blockbuster online shooter got a steamy surprise when its spunky straight shooter of a mascot turned out not to be straight. Tracer revealed her bi side when she planted a smooch on her hot ginger girlfriend in a comic released by Blizzard Entertainment, which revealed that several *Overwatch* characters fall outside heteronormative parameters.

> 3 <

VOICE OF REASON: CORTANA FROM *HALO* (MICROSOFT, XBOX)

One of gaming's most popular female characters isn't even a flesh-and-blood female. Cortana is the A.I. construct uploaded into olive-green space marine John-117, aka Master Chief, at the start of *Halo*. Far from being a Siri-style quip machine, Cortana served as the angel on Master Chief's shoulder and became the closest thing he had to a love interest until she uploaded to machine heaven in *Halo 4*.

> 2 <

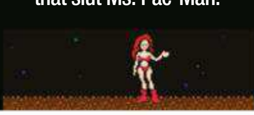
LADY KILLER: LARA CROFT FROM *TOMB RAIDER* (EIDOS, SATURN, PLAYSTATION)

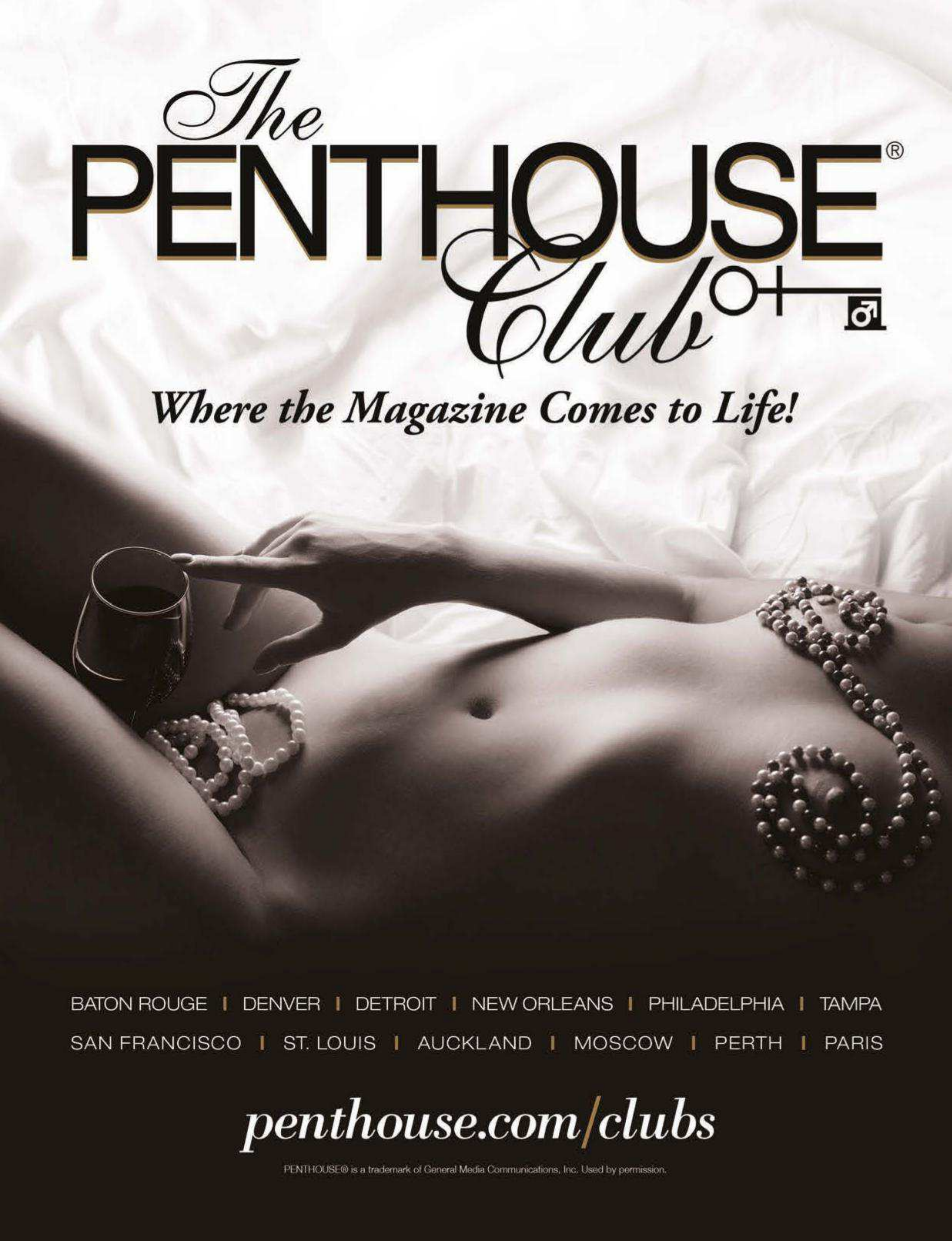
Female game characters were mere damsels in distress before this titillating raider of tombs debuted in the mid-1990s. In fact, Croft's creator—British artist Toby Gard—first envisioned the character as an Indiana Jones-ish dude before switching genders and putting her in short-shorts. His decision spawned a multimedia phenom: star of games, movies, and even theme-park rides.

> 1 <

IRON WOMAN: SAMUS ARAN FROM *METROID* (NINTENDO, NES)

It was a twist ending in the days before the internet existed to spoil such things: Players of the classic NES adventure *Metroid* reached the end credits only to learn that the armored space hero they'd been controlling was actually a blonde heroine in a space bikini (seen if you beat the game in under an hour). It wasn't the most dignified entrance for gaming's grande dame, but at least Aran didn't shack up with a major character for her job like that slut Ms. Pac-Man.





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BECKETT VS. THE GIANT

BY MICHAEL HINGSTON

WRESTLING legend André the Giant is associated with some pretty big numbers: He weighed 520 pounds, and stood nearly seven and a half feet tall. His most famous match, meanwhile, a headlining tilt against Hulk Hogan at 1987's *WrestleMania III,* helped set a world indoor-attendance record (93,173), and was touted the most-watched pay-per-view event in history.

André's face is so iconic that Shepard Fairey swiped it for his late-eighties street art campaign, which evolved into the logo for his OBEY clothing brand. The entire WWF Hall of Fame was created just so André could be inducted into it.

There's no doubt that the man born André René Roussimoff was a natural performer, beloved by fans and peers alike. But one of his strangest show-biz encounters came years before he ever stepped inside the ring or in front of a camera. If you found yourself in rural France in the late 1950s, there's a chance you might have seen it, too: a gargantuan, preteen André being chauffeured to school by future Nobel laureate Samuel Beckett.

Back then, life was pretty good for the famously dour playwright. His masterpiece, *Waiting for Godot,* had premiered in France in 1953 to rave reviews, making the 47-year-old an instant celebrity. That same year, Beckett and his wife bought a plot of land in Molien, a hamlet about 30 miles outside the hustle and bustle of Paris. It was there, in the idyllic commune of Ussy-sur-Marne, that the couple hired a local handyman to build them a cottage, and over time he and Beckett became friendly.

One day the handyman, a Bulgarian farmer named Boris Roussimoff, told Beckett about the unusual predicament his son was in. Twelve-year-old André was bright, the handyman said. Especially when it came to math. But the boy's gigantism was causing troubles for him at school—and more specifically, on the school bus. André literally couldn't fit inside it. At age 12, he was already six-two and weighed 240 pounds.

When Boris told Beckett about André's predicament, the playwright was sympathetic. Not just that, he realized he might actually be able to help. See, the big-city refugee happened to own the only convertible in Ussy-sur-Marne, and therefore the only vehicle that André could comfortably fit inside without hunching over or smashing his head against the doorframe. Beckett offered to drive the boy to and from school, and his father agreed.

It's an image straight out of a bad improv sketch, isn't it? The frowning modernist genius in the driver's seat, next to the ebullient gentle giant holding his schoolbooks. But it happened. Now, on to the obvious question: What on earth did Beckett and André talk about? As it turns out, mostly cricket. Which is a little surprising, given the sport's relative obscurity in France.

But Beckett grew up a cricket nut in Ireland, and continued to follow it in the sports pages. He also played the game as a young man, and to date is the only Nobel laureate in literature to appear in the *Wisden Cricketers' Almanack*—although I wouldn't put it past Bob Dylan to take a run at it, just for kicks.

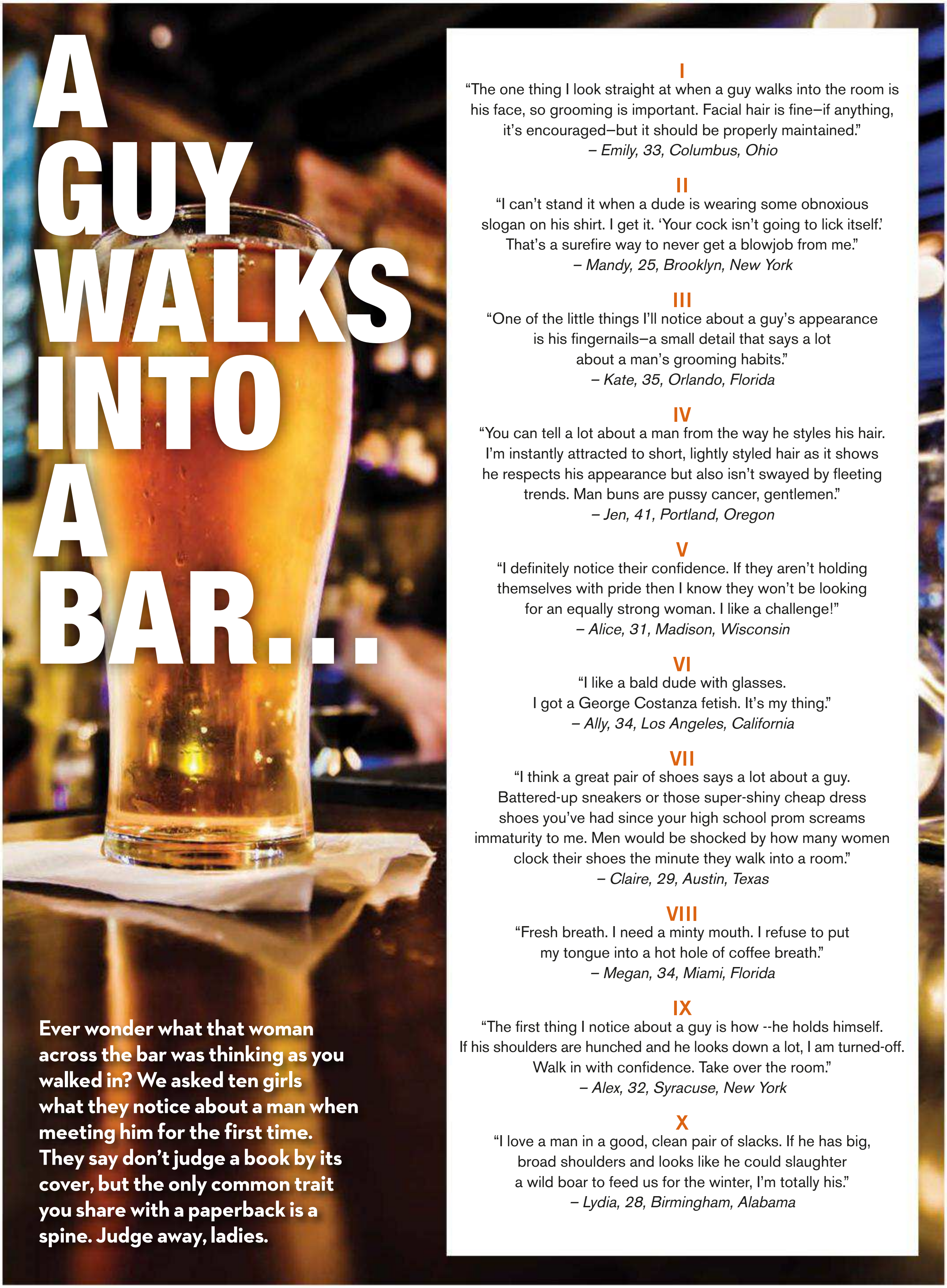
So far as we know, Beckett never publicly discussed this unlikely friendship. (He was admittedly pretty occupied with investigating the depths of human misery and the heights of black turtlenecks.) André, however, brought it up decades later while filming *The Princess Bride,* as he and costar Cary Elwes swapped stories about their respective childhoods. Elwes loved the story about Beckett so much that he relayed it to another cast member, Billy Crystal—who later cowrote and starred in 1998's *My Giant,* a movie partly inspired by his own friendship with André.

By then, the former wrestling sensation had died of heart failure (in 1993, at age 46), so Crystal turned to an even larger athlete to fill his oversize shoes: seven-foot-seven NBA player Gheorghe Muresan. Perhaps tellingly, the film bombed. Because while there may be other giants out there, there'll only ever be one André.

Michael Hingston is a writer based in Edmonton, Alberta. He was our Executive Editor's kindergarten boyfriend.

PHOTO: GETTYIMAGES.COM / JEFFREY ASHER

V



A GUY WALKS INTO A BAR...

Ever wonder what that woman across the bar was thinking as you walked in? We asked ten girls what they notice about a man when meeting him for the first time. They say don't judge a book by its cover, but the only common trait you share with a paperback is a spine. Judge away, ladies.

I

"The one thing I look straight at when a guy walks into the room is his face, so grooming is important. Facial hair is fine–if anything, it's encouraged–but it should be properly maintained."

– Emily, 33, Columbus, Ohio

II

"I can't stand it when a dude is wearing some obnoxious slogan on his shirt. I get it. 'Your cock isn't going to lick itself.' That's a surefire way to never get a blowjob from me."

– Mandy, 25, Brooklyn, New York

III

"One of the little things I'll notice about a guy's appearance is his fingernails–a small detail that says a lot about a man's grooming habits."

– Kate, 35, Orlando, Florida

IV

"You can tell a lot about a man from the way he styles his hair. I'm instantly attracted to short, lightly styled hair as it shows he respects his appearance but also isn't swayed by fleeting trends. Man buns are pussy cancer, gentlemen."

– Jen, 41, Portland, Oregon

V

"I definitely notice their confidence. If they aren't holding themselves with pride then I know they won't be looking for an equally strong woman. I like a challenge!"

– Alice, 31, Madison, Wisconsin

VI

"I like a bald dude with glasses.
I got a George Costanza fetish. It's my thing."

– Ally, 34, Los Angeles, California

VII

"I think a great pair of shoes says a lot about a guy. Battered-up sneakers or those super-shiny cheap dress shoes you've had since your high school prom screams immaturity to me. Men would be shocked by how many women clock their shoes the minute they walk into a room."

– Claire, 29, Austin, Texas

VIII

"Fresh breath. I need a minty mouth. I refuse to put my tongue into a hot hole of coffee breath."

– Megan, 34, Miami, Florida

IX

"The first thing I notice about a guy is how --he holds himself. If his shoulders are hunched and he looks down a lot, I am turned-off. Walk in with confidence. Take over the room."

– Alex, 32, Syracuse, New York

X

"I love a man in a good, clean pair of slacks. If he has big, broad shoulders and looks like he could slaughter a wild boar to feed us for the winter, I'm totally his."

– Lydia, 28, Birmingham, Alabama

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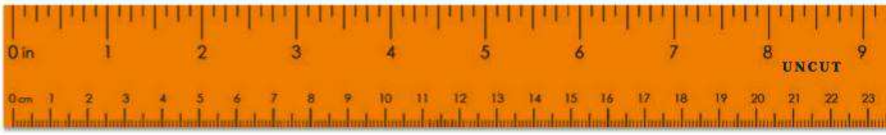
SIZE DOES MATTER

How do you measure up?
Source: *misterpoll.com*

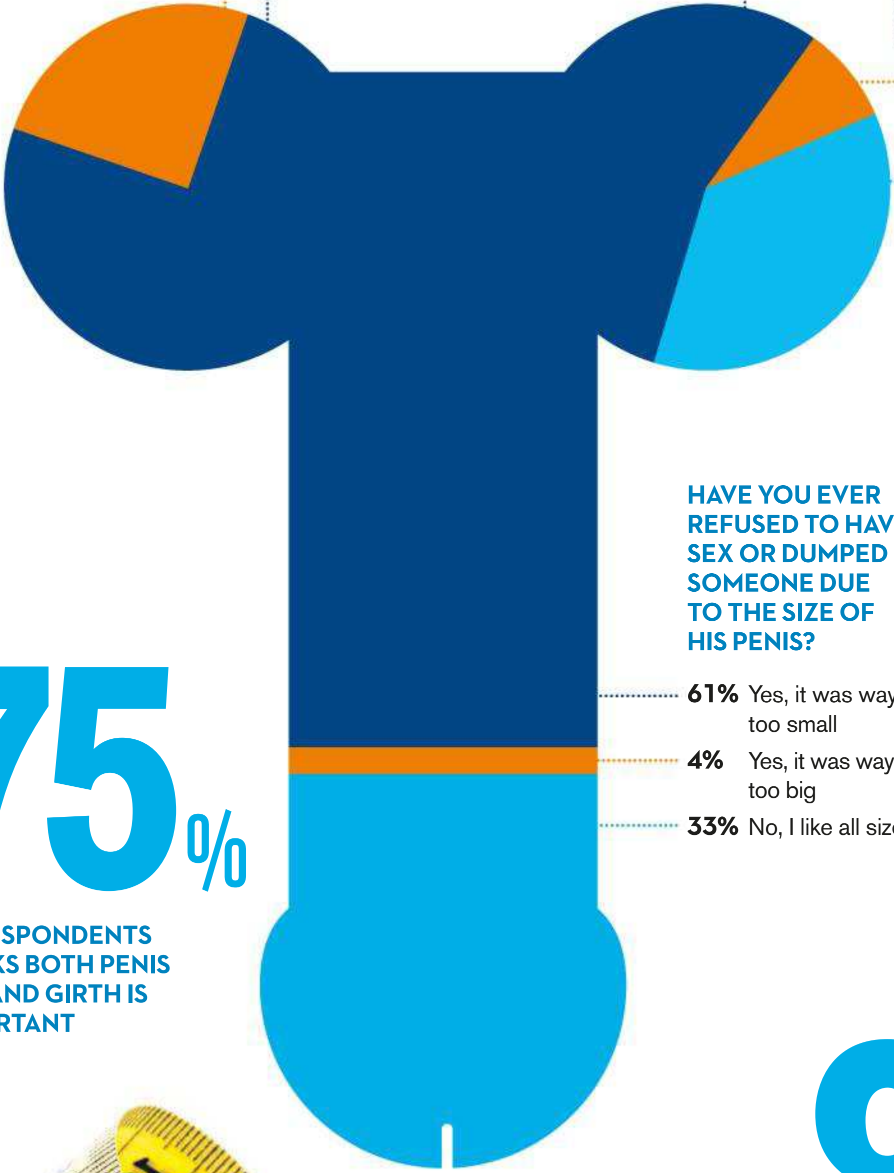


WHO HAS THE LARGEST PENIS YOU'VE EVER EXPERIENCED?

75% A former lover
25% My current partner

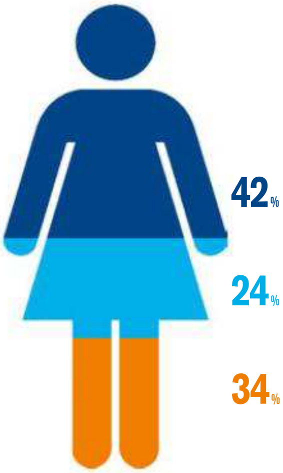
IF YOUR CURRENT PARTNER EVER ASKED WHAT SIZE PENIS YOU PREFER, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

57% Bigger is better
10% It's not the size of the ship, but the motion of the ocean that matters
33% Yours is fine for me



HAVE YOU EVER REFUSED TO HAVE SEX OR DUMPED SOMEONE DUE TO THE SIZE OF HIS PENIS?

61% Yes, it was way too small
4% Yes, it was way too big
33% No, I like all sizes



SURVEY RESPONDENTS MARITAL STATUS

42% Married
24% In a relationship
34% Single

75%

OF RESPONDENTS THINKS BOTH PENIS SIZE AND GIRTH IS IMPORTANT

81%

PREFER AN AVERAGE LOOKING MAN WITH A LARGE PENIS OVER A HOT LOOKING MAN WITH A SMALL PENIS

ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

BY CHRIS NIERATKO

1 / The Tremor Rock & Roll Sex Toy $800
The key to picking an effective spokesperson is selecting someone the public believes is an expert in their field. There's a reason Michael Jordan is the highest-grossing sneaker endorser. That said, my wife and I knew before she sat on the Tremor, the revolutionary new ride-on sex machine, that it was the best in its class simply because Anna Bell Peaks was the face of the brand. In a very short time, Anna Bell has amassed numerous awards and nominations for her various dirty performances and proven herself to be one of the most entertaining sex kittens in the business. My wife nearly orgasmed at the sight of Anna test-driving the Tremor. When I told her the Tremor costs hundreds less and is nearly six pounds lighter than her current ride-on sex toy (and any other competitive toys on the market), she came instantly. Well, I think that's what caused it…it may have been the 7,000 rpms shaking her chassis like a Harley-Davidson that caused the explosion. I'm not sure. I was still focused on how much less the Tremor cost. I couldn't help but wonder if it were legal to create an adult fun zone where women got together and rode Tremors, like a spin class, but much better. I tried to sell the Mrs. on the idea but she was preoccupied riding her new lightweight, sexy rodeo bull.
Rating: 10 tremorrocks.com

2 / Wanachi Mega Massager $163
In an unscientific poll conducted between myself and a dozen women, I discovered one hundred percent of females say they'd rather take their vibrating wand on vacation over their spouse or partner. "My wand gets me off each and every time. My husband? Uh…not so much," one woman explained. The only overwhelming criticism each of the ladies had with their current wands was that they had a need for speed and an unfulfilled desire for unbridled power. Panties dropped and eyes lit up when I showed them the warning label on the 17-inch Wanachi, the world's biggest and most powerful wand. It reads: "Because of the ultra-powerful motor in this massager we do not recommend continuous use for more than 30 minutes. Leaving the massager on for longer than that may cause it to overheat." I was certain that the roar of the ten pulsation patterns would have struck fear in their hearts, but the unanimous reaction was a squeal of delight. One woman even asked in regards to the sounds of the engine, "Is that a Hemi?" In 12 out of 12 trial runs, each woman orgasmed in under one minute, and a few even refused to unlock the bathroom door and give the Wanachi back. It's a universal fact that size matters, and this holds true not only for penetration but vibration as well. Men might view this oversized wand as a gag gift, but any discerning vibrator aficionado on the hunt for the most powerful pleasure tool will tell you the Wanachi is the Holy Grail of wands.
Rating: 10 penthousestore.com

Chris Nieratko is the author of VICE media's Skinema, the only porn-review book in history that fails to review any videos.

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EVERLAST
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REBECCA HILL, JANUARY 1985

WOMEN IN UNIFORM

There's this underrated song by Australian glam punk band the Skyhooks called "Women in Uniform." It's a slamming, catchy 70s hit celebrating chicks on the job and how sexy they look all suited up for the grind. The Skyhooks aren't picky. They love any woman weekend warrior, from sergeants to schoolgirls, flight attendants to chambermaids. The Skyhooks just want babes in badges and we couldn't agree more. "So girls, if the man you need just won't come across," the song goes, "put on a uniform and show him who's the boss." Done and done.

FIREFIGHTER
27

MELISSA STARR, NOVEMBER 2001

JACQUI DE LA CRUZ, MARCH 1988

Riddell
Wilson

CHANEL, OCTOBER 1992

PAMELA PETERS, OCTOBER 1991

SUPERBAD

HOW LAURA STYLEZ AND LEAH MCSWEENEY'S "IMPROPER ETIQUETTE" PODCAST BECAME MORE THAN A DIRTY LITTLE SECRET.

INTERVIEW BY KATHY IANDOLI

DON'T bother asking how Laura Stylez and Leah McSweeney first met, because they have no clue. "It's like this ongoing funny little story between us because we can't really pinpoint where we met," Stylez says with a laugh.

"We met when I was sober, too, so you'd think I'd remember," McSweeney interjects.

Somewhere in between their first encounter and countless three-hour lunch dates talking about men, life, and careers, the duo decided to take their banter public. The result is "Improper Etiquette," the podcast they describe as "sex-positive," punctuated with topics like current events, relationships, mental health, and the pair's respective industries.

McSweeney just rounded the corner of 13 years since she first launched her massively successful Married to the Mob streetwear line for women, while Stylez has been a fixture in radio for well over a decade—most recently as the female voice of reason for New York City hip-hop station Hot 97's flagship show, Ebro in the Morning. The podcast hit its 50th episode milestone this past summer.

Noteworthy "Etiquette" episodes include anecdotal discussions about McSweeney hot-wiring her faulty vibrator ("She electrocuted her clit just to get off!" Stylez says) and Stylez referring to her new relationship as a "Dominican Dick Chamber." And while the two are adamant the podcast is more than just a cheeky hour to talk dicks and clits, they do recognize the power behind gripping those microphones every week. (All phallic puns intended.)

How did the podcast first come about?
Laura: Leah kept telling me we should do a podcast, and I was like, "Ehhhh."
Leah: The last thing you wanted to do was talk more.
Laura: Right! But then we had so much fun hanging out that I was like, "You know what? Let's just do it." We were looking for other people to be a part of it, and then we were like, "Why don't we just do it ourselves?" So we did.
Leah: Did you think that after the first episode it would turn into what it has?
Laura: Not at all.
Leah: It's crazy, right?

Why a sex-positive podcast–or a "sex pos-cast"?
Laura: Think about it. When you have a couple of drinks or when you're having your special time with your best friend, you end up talking about sex.
Leah: I don't know if everyone does, but we do.
Laura: But we do, and maybe it's because me and [Leah] are super comfortable with each other to talk about it–our sex lives, just sex in general, things that we think are funny, things that we think are weird or just curious about. When I would talk with my friends, I realized how few of these conversations exist in their lives. So I was like, "Alright, cool. If we can just be really honest about blowjobs...." One [episode] Leah was like, "I can just imagine you giving a blowjob with your eyeliner dripping down your face."

The "Slut Tears" episode.
Laura: Yes! The slut tears! I thought it was just the funniest shit ever. We honestly talk about everything, and sex is just a part of it. When we released our first episode, people responded giggling: "I listen to your podcast on the subway," or "I listen to it driving and cracking up," and "I can't even tell people what I'm listening to." And you see? We became the *dirty little secret*. People would email us–grown men–"Hey, I'm 45 and in California and you guys are definitely my *dirty little secret*. I don't tell my wife that I listen to the podcast," or "I don't tell my girlfriend."
Leah: Or, "I don't tell my other construction worker buddies."

You're the "other women."
Laura: We are!
Leah: We're kind of like the mistresses. Just to touch upon the sex thing, though. I gave up alcohol and drugs eight years ago, and all I have left is sex. Before, I got such enjoyment out of getting shit-faced and getting high. I had to give that up, so sex is all that's left for me. That and iced coffee.

Laura, it had to be an especially interesting switch for you to discuss sex on-air, considering you're a radio personality.
Laura: I talk for a living, but I don't get to talk about sex freely.
Leah: You're censored.
Laura: I'm censored. I can't really say what I want to say all the time. I always have to be careful, tiptoe on how I deliver a message or talk about a story. But then, when you're home alone, you go down these weird rabbit holes on YouTube or you start Googling these funny and interesting things. I'm thinking, *I know other people wanna talk about this shit*. One time I was like, "How do you prep for anal sex?" What if you have anal sex and a turd falls out? That's not sexy. We literally had people tell us. I looked up this one porn star who uses butt plugs for two days [beforehand].
Leah: I am so not interested in stretching my butthole out.

People weigh in on this stuff? You have to have some amazing stories there.
Leah: This girl wrote in that her fuckin' boyfriend DPs [double penetrates] her with his best friend, which I think is a great thing. I think it's very loving and sharing. Happy family. I'm into it.
Laura: Leah's fantasy is a gangbang.
Leah: It's the only porn I can watch.

Okay, so who would be in the gangbang with you?
Leah: Ugly guys.
Laura: Older, ugly dudes?
Leah: Ugly, disgusting, fuckin' nasty…I've already had hot guys. I need some ugly ones. It'll happen.

Are you going to send an evite?
Leah: [*Laughs*] Okay, maybe not a gangbang, but on my bucket list is two dudes. I've never had that.
Laura: I've heard that double penetration is the orgasm to have.
Leah: I watch orgasm compilations on DP. These girls are being catapulted to the heavens. I'll send you the link.

The thing about being so transparent, though, is that people must come up to you after the episodes, right?
Leah: You should see my inbox. It's not even sexual, but like, "I have bipolar disorder," [McSweeney openly discusses her bipolarism on-air] and I can't help but write back. I have to.
Laura: With me, I love it. At first I was kind of embarrassed, but now I have people thanking me because they like listening to this different side of me. We get it all the time: "You guys are the friends in our heads."
Leah: It's really fucking sweet.
Laura: We've had some stories that have made us cry. Since we talk about everything, we had one episode where we discussed how women of a certain age are pressured to have kids and how we're learning to be okay with having kids later in life. One woman hit us up, and we had already seen pictures of her and her husband with their child, but we don't get to the listeners until the end. She basically wrote us this email about how she ended up getting pregnant right before [her husband] started chemo, and the pictures we saw were before he passed away.
Leah: He died when their daughter was one.
Laura: Leah started crying, I teared up. It's like, we have these listeners whose stories have touched us so much. It's changed our lives. I get goosebumps even thinking about it. It's incredible that people are even reaching out to us, sending us photos, and telling us that we're a part of their lives. It's really changed [mine and Leah's] relationship; we've gotten so much closer.

It does feel like your podcast turned a corner where it went from that "dirty little secret" to something much bigger. The subject matter also expanded.
Laura: After a while, I think it had to do with what we cared about. At first, it was fun just having this one type of conversation, but then it became things we cared about. Like, Leah's obsession with the *New York Post* is so funny to me, so we just started talking about things that triggered emotions for us.
Leah: Also, while this podcast was growing, we got a new president, so obviously we're going to cover that. Things happening in our lives–Laura started dating someone, I went through a really bad breakup. I couldn't turn that off and be like, "Here I am! I'm great!" I was fucking heartbroken and devastated. I wasn't going to come on here and lie about it.

I did realize, though, that there were situations where what I said on this podcast could have an effect on my Google. When you Google my name now—woo! No regrets, no regrets at all. It has been a learning experience for me, though. Everything is recorded here—on Soundcloud, on iTunes—for everyone to hear, even my daughter and my mother. Everybody.

Laura: And we own up to our mistakes. When we're right, we're right. When we're wrong, we apologize and admit that we've fucked up. We're honest, and we change our mind about shit. We're human beings. Things we cared about one day, maybe we don't give a shit about the next.

How have your sex lives changed since this podcast?

Laura: Well, I went from having a very "meh" sex life to being in a Dominican Dick Chamber.

Leah: [Laura] would always warn me: "Be careful! You don't want to end up in a Dominican Dick Chamber!" And now she's in one and has not gotten out.

Laura: I'm still in the chamber. So, my sex life has been great. He does not listen to the podcast. And I like it that way.

Leah: The last guy—the devastating breakup guy—his friends would listen, but he wouldn't. They wouldn't tell him anything, though. I think they were scared. I would always be talking about how I wanted to toss his salad, and he wouldn't let me. I'm sure they were like, "I can't believe she's out here talking about how she wants to lick his asshole. What's wrong with her?" Then, the current guy, a couple days ago, he was like, "One of my best friends hit me up and said, 'I found a gem!'" I was like, "Oh yeah? What?" He said, "Improper Etiquette." I'm like, *Fuck!*

It's a risk that you both take, though. You're not going to reserve yourselves.

Leah: No way. I mean, look, if something embarrassing happens to him during sex—like he couldn't get it up—I wouldn't talk about it on-air. I'm over here being like, "His dick never goes down!" Which is true, so…

ANDREW CHRISTIAN
ANDREW CHRISTIAN
ADDICTED
ADDICTED
ANAL DOUCHE
ARMOUR TU

PEEP SHOW
SENSA
PERSONAL LUBRICANTS
COLT
ANAL DOUCHE
WAND
COCK

He sounds like a champ.
Leah: Yeah, but he comes really quickly the first time, so we have to go five more times after that. But he can do it!

Did you have any reservations about diving so deeply into your sex lives on-air?
Laura: I did. I battle with it, because how the hell am I going to be talking about being in a Dominican Dick Chamber and then I'm doing all this community outreach work? I think about it in the back of my mind, because my whole career, I know that anything I say can be used against me. But then I'm also at a point where I just don't give a fuck anymore. It's a part of who I am, why should I be censoring myself all the time?
Leah: This is the stigma around sex, and it's a problem. Why can't a woman be sexually active, talk about her sex life, and at the same time be with the mayor doing [community] things?

Have you gotten any raunchy comments?
Leah: I got some dick pics. I was complaining that Laura got all the dick pics.
Laura: There was a point where all of my Instagram direct messages were just dicks after dicks after dicks. I would save these cocks on my phone, and on my girls group chat I would randomly send them in or email them.
Leah: And these are not pretty dicks, but they're great for the gangbang.
Laura: I had a "cock folder" and would put them all in there. Then one day, my phone broke and I had to go to the Apple store and unlock the phone. I forgot about all the cocks. When I got it back, the guy working there had this weird look on his face. I was like, "Why were you looking at my pictures?" To this day, when I back up my stuff and sync my phone, dick pics pop up and my past comes back to haunt me. I had to explain it to my man. I said on the podcast, "Don't send me any more cocks. Send them to Leah." Then Leah got bombarded.

Who would wear the strap-on between the two of you?
Leah: Laura.
Laura: [*Laughs*] I probably would.
Leah: You would totally fuck me. I mean, I'd want to fuck you, but I think you would totally fuck me. She'd make me do all sorts of bad stuff. I'd totally be the submissive.
Laura: I'd probably grab her by her ponytail. I would walk you like a little poodle.
Leah: Just get me a pink leash. A Swarovski diamond-encrusted pink leash.

With a diamond bit.
Leah: Oh my God. I'm kind of into this.

Kathy Iandoli is a critically acclaimed journalist and author. Her work has appeared in Pitchfork, VICE, Maxim, O, Cosmopolitan, The Village Voice, Rolling Stone, and Billboard. She is coauthor of the book Commissary Kitchen with Mobb Deep's late Albert "Prodigy" Johnson.

HOW TO PLEASE YOUR HIGH-MAINTENANCE BITCH

BECAUSE NO ONE KNOWS HIGH-MAINTENANCE LIKE A HIGH-MAINTENANCE BITCH.

BY MISH BARBER-WAY

EVERY woman has a high-maintenance bitch inside her. This isn't a bad thing. It's what gives us our competitive edge and extremely soft skin. Have you ever noticed that the bigger the bitch, the softer the skin?

Dermatologists will tell us girls that we need to exfoliate, rinse, tone, and cleanse our face like it's a laundry cycle, when really all it takes is embracing a bratty attitude every now and then.

You see, low-maintenance women are all about what *you* want, not what *they* want. Low-maintenance women internalize their feelings, and these feelings have nowhere to escape so they get clogged up in the pores, leaving the skin oily and rough. High-maintenance women make sure they get their way, which leaves them happy and refreshed. This gives them clear pores, resulting in baby-soft skin.

I don't make the rules (and neither does science). God wrote the book, and from what I hear She's a real high-maintenance bitch.

The key is to find a woman who is 75 percent awesome and 25 percent high-maintenance. Scientifically—*ahem!*—speaking, there are six types of women in America, and here's how to win an emotional fencing match with each of their inner high-maintenance bitches.

(Disclaimer: All the women described in this article are caricatures found only in bad romantic comedies.)

THE ALPHA FEMALE

The Alpha Female is great, because not only does she *think* she knows more than you, she does. She has two degrees, most likely in law and English literature, but only got the second one for "personal knowledge." Her career is the most important thing in her life, so you better have a magic cock if you plan on changing that. Even then, the Alpha Female isn't all about penis. She needs someone who meets, but doesn't challenge, her own level of success. She will have you sign a prenuptial agreement, even if you make the same amount on paper. The Alpha Female doesn't want to be told what to do, or how to do it, so when she comes home complaining about a horrible day at work, just listen, pour her a glass of wine, and say, "That sucks. I understand." Don't offer solutions to her problems. She'll have already thought of (and vetoed) at least seven by the time she's done telling you how stupid her coworkers are.

THE SOCIALITE

The Socialite usually dwells in a big city. If you see her in a rural area, it's because she's been murdered and dumped in a field. (It's the closest she'll ever come to camping.) This woman is more like a girl. She feeds off the glow of her iPhone and has a mirrored case so she can check her makeup before she takes another selfie. You have to be a bit high-maintenance yourself to combat her vanity. Whether she's from old money, new money, or just wants your money, she'll never be satisfied. You are a dick until she wants something, then she's sweet as pie. Most men reluctantly stay with a woman like this, insisting she has a "magic pussy" or something. Her pussy may be magical, but it ain't special… because everyone has a magic pussy. (Have you seen what a pussy can do? They're like the Criss Angel of the female anatomy.)

The only way to keep your sanity with this archetype is through discipline. No one stands up to this girl. Her parents spoiled her and her friends in high school were all scared of her. She's surrounded by "yes" men and she is so bored. Alpha up and be the "no" in her life. She demands you pick her up when she's done drinking with her girlfriends? Tell her to take an Uber. She wants to host a baby shower at your place? Think again. She needs your car? Nope, not that either. It's like "time out" but for a grown-up woman.

THE YOGA-VEGAN-ZEN MASTER

You would think that the Yoga-Vegan-Zen Master would be as low-maintenance as a betta fish, but she's not. You can't go out to eat because everything needs to be gluten-free, dairy-free, sugar-free, farm-fresh, non-GMO, and on and on and on. If you've had a shitty day, she'll blame it on your aura and suggest a shaman or Reiki and crystal healing. She does not wear lipstick (cruel to animals) or nail polish (toxic poison), and will blame everything on the universe. However,

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / ONEINCHPUNCH

the Yoga-Vegan-Zen Master can be fun. She'll go camping with you, travel just about anywhere, and will experiment with freaky, mind-expanding drugs. She's up for anything, especially if nature is involved. And though she may spend half the time talking to you about cloud formations, she'll be down to fuck in the woods (you know, to be closer to Mother Earth). The best way to deal with the Yoga-Vegan-Zen Master is to meet on her level. Try the kombucha she insists is delicious. Go to that hot yoga class with her. She'll respect the effort, even if you suck at it.

THE HOMEMAKER

The Homemaker just wants to nest. She loves antiquing, thrifting, shopping, cooking, and even folding laundry. She is obsessively clean and finds joy in using a vacuum. She loves animals and children, and can't wait to have a house full of them. The Homemaker has one dream and it's very 1952: a nice suburban home, three kids, a dog, and a husband who brings home the bacon. She is more than happy to do everything domestic like childcare, gardening, cooking, cleaning, and maintaining a gorgeous, homey household. She's old-fashioned that way. You handle the finances and keep a roof over her head, and she'll keep filling it with stuff. Sound good? It is…but now that she's made her home her purpose, she won't let anyone mess it up. You'll spend a month's salary on Swiffer sheets and have to take your shoes off before setting foot inside. But, the Homemaker will never disappoint your dinner guests, so every meal will be made from scratch and taste like heaven. You'll get fat and happy.

How do you land this girl? Luck of the draw. Five decades ago these babes were a dime a dozen, but now not many people even want a relationship like this. If you find her, hang on tight.

THE COUNTRY GIRL

The Country Girl is about as low-maintenance as it gets. She grew up on a farm, so dirt, change, and hard work don't bother her. She knows how to drive a truck, fly-fish, and butcher a chicken. The Country Girl played with knives, not dolls, and knows how to handle herself in a zombie apocalypse. She likes guns almost as much as horses, and her Beaumont-Adams is her favorite possession. The Country Girl grew up with five brothers and is treated like a princess by all the men in her family. Though she's resilient and fun, she's got a fiery temper. Her brothers were tough and her father was tougher, so she has thick skin and a low tolerance for bullshit. The only high-maintenance people in this situation are all the guys she grew up with, so you should worry about impressing them. Don't show up in clean sneakers. A real man doesn't own clean sneakers.

THE PSYCHO [HOSE BEAST]

Never worth it. Run. Restraining orders suck and you don't need another gun rack.

Mish Barber-Way is the smartest dumb blonde ever. She also fronts the band White Lung, loves bacon, and TYPING IN ALL CAPS.

WOMEN-ON-WOMEN SEXUAL POLITICS

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

WHEN the so-called "Dyke March" organized a protest for lesbian rights, they decided to take sides in the divisive Israel-Palestine conflict. Consequently, some Jewish lesbians were forced to leave the march because they carried a flag that had a Star of David printed on top of the LGBTQ rainbow flag. They were told that the march was "anti-Zionist" and "pro-Palestinian," and that some Israel-haters in the parade were "made [to] feel unsafe" by the age-old Jewish symbol.

Shortly after this fiasco, another event called "Slut Walk Chicago" tweeted that they would stand by the Dyke Marchers' "decision to remove the Zionist contingent from their events." They insisted that they wouldn't allow "Zionist displays" at their gathering either. After pushback from people arguing that their stance was anti-Semitic and anti-Israel, Slut Walk relented and claimed it would no longer ban "any symbols or any kind of ethnic or heritage flag," while still asserting that they were anti-Zionist.

These events followed an earlier one in 2016 where gay BDS activists (BDS stands for boycott, divestment, sanctions, a movement calling for pressure on Israel to change its Palestinian policy) together with a local Black Lives Matter chapter broke up an LGBTQ event in Chicago because it featured a presentation by an organization that works to foster ties between LGBTQ communities in North America and Israel. The protestors claimed that the event organizers had engaged in "pinkwashing"—a concept arguing that Israel exploits its "gay-friendly" reputation in order to distract from its occupation of contested territory.

By foolishly taking sides in the Arab-Israeli conflict, and supporting the Muslim side, these lesbians have not only sidetracked their core mission, they have also aligned themselves with some of the most repressive antigay countries in the world today. They have also aligned themselves against the one Middle Eastern nation that is among the world's strongest supporters of gay rights. Israel has granted asylum to gay Muslims who have been threatened with death by neighboring Arab countries.

Though no country is perfect when it comes to gay rights, Israel has long been a leader in promoting equality. While the United States military still had a "don't ask, don't tell" policy, the Israeli army actively recruited openly gay and lesbian soldiers into its highest ranks—both as combat and intelligence officers. Tel Aviv's Gay Pride Parade is world-famous, and that city has been declared one of the most gay-friendly places in the world. Even in Jerusalem—the home of many ultra-orthodox traditionalists—gay pride parades have taken place, though not without some counterprotests.

The only "parade" of gays in the Muslim world has been when they have been lined up and paraded to prison—sometimes to be executed. There are no gay or lesbian rights in the Palestinian-controlled territories, Jordan, Egypt, Iran, or the Gulf States. Being openly gay is an invitation to state-sanctioned violence.

Why, then, would radical lesbians support a movement which, if successful in establishing a Muslim state in place of

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES.COM / NAKITA KRUCKER

MS LEATHER TORONTO
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QUEER
PIZZA

BY FOOLISHLY TAKING SIDES IN THE ARAB-ISRAELI CONFLICT, AND SUPPORTING THE MUSLIM SIDE, THESE LESBIANS HAVE NOT ONLY SIDETRACKED THEIR CORE MISSION, THEY HAVE ALSO ALIGNED THEMSELVES WITH SOME OF THE MOST REPRESSIVE ANTIGAY COUNTRIES IN THE WORLD TODAY.

Israel, would criminalize being gay or lesbian? Let there be no mistake about what the Palestinian state would be. Just look at its proposed constitution, which requires that the state be governed by Sharia law, the Muslim code that demands the death penalty for gays and lesbians. The Quran refers to sexual relations between two men as an "abomination" and calls on the legal punishment of death for all illicit sexual relations. "And as for those who are guilty of an indecency," the Quran states, "call to witnesses against them four (witnesses) from among you; then if they bear witness confine them to the houses until death takes them away or Allah opens some way for them." The Torah has similar prohibitions, but they are not enforced in secular Israel.

The reason for this self-destructive alliance with the forces of antigay expression inheres in the concept of "intersectionality," a pseudo-academic theory holding that all forms of social oppression are inexorably linked. Increasingly, hard-left radicals insist on a package of unrelated left-wing causes that must be embraced by anyone claiming the label of "progressive"—including the demonization of Jews and their nation state, Israel.

The time has come for organizations that purport to represent lesbians and gay men to stick to their mission and stop supporting nations, groups, and leaders who would kill them if they had the chance. If they think I'm being overdramatic, let them try to conduct a "Dyke March" or "Slut Walk" in Ramallah.

Alan M. Dershowitz is professor emeritus at Harvard Law School and author of 35 books, more than a thousand articles, and numerous blogs. Follow him @AlanDersh

IF THESE LEGS COULD TALK

Our November Pet of the Month, Lena Anderson, may look like the girl-next-door, but on the inside she's as badass as Wendy O. Williams. The Virginia-born beauty is hard-working, resilient, and a fighter. Did we mention that she has the longest stems to ever grace our pages? We needed extra paper just to give you Lena head-to-toe. Believe us, you don't want to miss a inch of this stunner.

Photography: Tammy Sands

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“What gets me in trouble?
My mouth and its inability to stay shut.”

“I adore cleaning. Honestly. I was born to be a naughty maid.”

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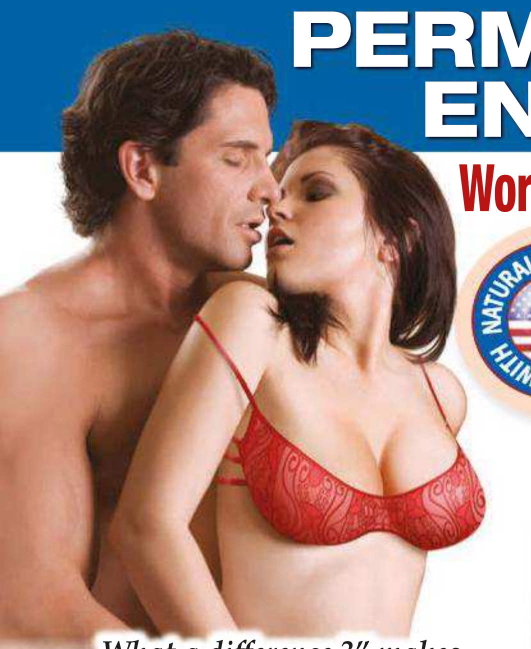

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LENA ANDERSON NOVEMBER 2017 PET OF THE MONTH

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LENA ANDERSON **NOVEMBER 2017 PET OF THE MONTH**

Vital Stats:
32D-24-36
19 years old
6'1"

Hometown: Roanoke, Virginia

How does a girl from small-town Virginia get to the California coast?

I graduated high school and I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life. But I was awarded a volleyball scholarship to an all-girls university, so I took it and majored in art. After a while, I found myself so bored. I finished up the season and withdrew from school.

You have to do what's right for you. Fuck the rules.

I started working immediately. I worked at Burger King, Little Caesars, a bakery called Cupcake Cottage, and I was stripping at night.

Whoa! Most eighteen-year-olds are lazy as hell.

My daily grind was nuts. I would get up at 4 a.m. and not come home until 3 a.m. It was a 24-hour cycle. I remember going three days in a row once with no sleep. I lived on Red Bull and coffee. It was nuts. Plus, there was this boy who lived across the street...he was my boyfriend and I was enamored with him.

There is always a boy.

I know. His family suddenly decided they were going to up and move to Texas. I was devastated. Instead of letting him go, I decided to follow him. I packed a bag, got into my grandmother's beat-up 1996 Buick, picked up my last paychecks, and left for Texas.

You must have had a lot of time on that drive to think, girl.

This was my first long road trip of many long road trips. In Texas, I got a job as an au pair for a single father with three kids, but that didn't work out. My boyfriend's mother did not want me living with them, and I had nowhere else to go. She dropped me at the bus station with my suitcase, smiling as they drove away. I didn't even have enough money for a ticket home. I had sixty dollars to my name. I ended up living at the bus station for three days, hidden behind the arcade games to get away from the homeless men and drug dealers. This was no place for an eighteen-year-old girl.

Lena, you are punk as fuck!

[*Laughs*] Eventually, another friend back home heard that I was living in a bus station and he bought me a hotel for the night and a plane ticket. It was the nicest thing anyone has ever done for me.

Did you have high hopes when you came out to California?

As I was driving to L.A., the most beautiful city in the world, I thought to myself, It can only get better. I'm happy to say that it really did. I love my life here. The beach is my sanctuary. Whenever I go there it's like the ocean washes away anything that has ever been wrong.

We love you, Lena.

SEE MORE OF LENA AT PENTHOUSE.COM

GANGSTER GIRLS

WE LINE UP SEVEN BADASS WOMEN WHO COULD HOLD THEIR OWN WITH THE FELLAS—FEMALE HOODS WHO OPERATED EFFICIENTLY, AT TIMES BRUTALLY, INSIDE THE MALE-DOMINATED, TESTOSTERONE-CHARGED WORLD OF CRIME SYNDICATES.

BY SETH FERRANTI

THEY'RE all bad, these gangster girls, a regular lady rogues' gallery, but the baddest?

Say hello to Griselda Blanco, aka the Black Widow, aka the Godmother. Columbian-born cocaine queenpin. Heart like liquid nitrogen. Dispatched hitmen on motorcycles as casually as you or I might order a pizza. All you have to know to get a handle on Blanco is that when it came time to create the ruthless crime-boss character Fish Mooney in *Gotham,* Jada Pinkett Smith tapped into Blanco's story for inspiration. And did we mention that she called her son Michael Corleone? (Cue the *Godfather* theme.)

The five-foot-tall Griselda has company when it comes to underworld women doing damage, rising in the ranks, getting rich. But unlike her, they haven't been featured in songs by the likes of Nicki Minaj, Lil' Kim, and Meek Mill. Still, if you're not a hip-hop fan, or follower of gangster stories, is Blanco even on your radar?

The male gangsters are household names. Al Capone. John Dillinger. Pablo Escobar. El Chapo. You don't have to be from Boston to know Whitey Bulger got up to some serious shit. You don't have to be an old-timer from Harlem to know the name Frank Lucas—the heroin kingpin Denzel Washington brought to life in *American Gangster*.

Every corner of organized crime holds opportunities for people who can hustle, who can scheme, who understand the power of fear, who know how to get their way, whatever it takes. And some of these opportunists just happen to have XX chromosomes.

There have always been women criminals, of course. Larceny, extortion, murder—men don't have a monopoly on this stuff. Far from it. There have even been all-female crime syndicates. Ever heard of London's Forty Elephants gang? They boosted from high-end stores and fancy English homes (sometimes posing as maids) for two whole centuries, mentors training young recruits, decade after decade, until the 1950s. Under the iron rule of Annie Diamond in the twenties, the Forty Thieves, as they were also known, raked it in, living the high life with their loot. Parties, furs, the finest food, champagne—as fast as money came in, they burned through it. Then they went out and scored some more.

And if you stepped out of line, Diamond Annie (as the cops called her) would pop you in the face with a fist made sharp by the big-ass diamonds on her fingers.

But the women featured here didn't network with other crooked ladies. They were cut out for something bigger, badder. They suited up with the boys. They swam with the sharks. Our dastardly damsels did risky business in a world where killing was commonplace. Better watch your back 24-7 or you'll get capped.

After Griselda Blanco, we proceed chronologically, from a gangster lady in the 1930s to the drug queenpins and *sicarias*—cartel hitwomen—of the late twentieth century and aughts. West Coast, East Coast, Midwest. The mean streets of Mexico. Medellin, Columbia. Fields of play. Girls in the game with the guys.

GRISELDA BLANCO

THE Black Widow started young. Eleven years into a rough, abuse-filled life in Medellin, Blanco helped kidnap a young boy and shot him dead when no ransom was paid. On her own by

ILLUSTRATIONS: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / SABABA66

age 14, she stole, prostituted herself, did what she could to get by. She married young. Relocating to Queens, New York, in the 1970s (now on her second husband; she had her first one offed post-divorce), she parlayed her Columbian connections into a big-time cocaine business in partnership with husband Alberto Bravo.

After the ring was broken up in 1975 and Blanco got indicted, she hightailed back to Medellin. Then inspiration struck. She moved to Miami, dollar signs in her eyes. Coke madness had just hit the city, and Blanco got crazy rich. In go-go Miami and other big cities, there was so much demand for blow—and her Medellin pipeline was so on-point—she oversaw a business pulling in $80 million a month at its height.

As far as the nickname goes, Black Widow Blanco definitely earned it. Husband No. 2 met his maker in 1975; Griselda gunned Bravo down herself during a money dispute in a Bogotá nightclub parking lot. With her flair for the cinematic, she capped him in a full-blown Tarantino shoot-out. While Bravo blasted away with an Uzi, his wife—who took a slug in the stomach—rocked a pistol. When the smoke cleared, six bodyguards lay dead. Eight years later, Blanco got in a dispute with her third husband concerning custody of their young son Michael, and paid to have him assassinated in Columbia.

Like all of our lady rogues, Griselda enjoyed the Benjamins, and spent freely. Prized possessions included a tea set once used by the Queen of England, a pearl necklace that had

WHILE ALBERTO BRAVO BLASTED AWAY WITH AN UZI, HIS WIFE GRISELDA—WHO TOOK A SLUG TO THE STOMACH—ROCKED A PISTOL. WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED, SIX BODYGUARDS LAY DEAD.

belonged to Eva Perón, and a gold Mac 10 machine pistol. Blanco also got high on her own supply. She favored "bazooka," a smokable, unrefined cocaine. Sex-filled parties in her Miami mansion were part of the lifestyle, too. And when it came time to cruise around town, she had an assortment of luxury vehicles to choose from.

In 1984, worth hundreds of millions (if not more) and feeling the heat, Blanco "retired" to Southern California. One year later, DEA agents caught up with her. The Black Widow was locked up on drug charges, and then in 1994, three murder raps followed.

Following some trial technicalities challenged by her high-powered lawyers, Blanco was sprung in 2004 and deported to Columbia as part of a plea deal. For the next eight years, she lived fairly quietly in Medellin. Then one day in 2012, coming out of a butcher shop, she stepped into a hit: Dude hopped off the back of a motorbike and shot her dead.

It was lost on nobody that she checked out like many of those who'd died on her orders. Gangland lore credits Griselda Blanco with the idea of motorbike assassinations.

How many murders are linked to her? Conservative estimates put the hits at roughly 40—mainly fellow drug dealers and non-paying clients, though bystanders and romantic rivals are on that list, too. Others believe the actual number approaches 200.

Meanwhile, Blanco's legend lives on. HBO is developing a film with Jennifer Lopez as the gangstress, and Lifetime has a movie with Catherine Zeta-Jones in the role.

KATHRYN KELLY

BORN Cleo Brooks in small-town Mississippi, 1930s gangster girl Kathryn Kelly might not be as well-known as Bonnie Parker of Bonnie and Clyde fame, or Ma Barker, matriarch of the Prohibition-era Barker Gang, but she deserves time on our stage for her cold-blooded scheming and outlaw exploits, much of it in partnership with George "Machine Gun" Kelly, her third or fourth husband, depending on your source.

Daughter of a bootlegger, Kathryn Kelly grew up to be a shrewd, beautiful, stylish woman, and, like her mother and others in her family, she had a serious criminal streak.

Early on, she stole, sold herself, assisted rumrunners, used phony names in larceny plots. She was busted for robbery, prostitution, receiving stolen goods, and shoplifting. But she wasn't exactly surrounded by role models. Her mom and stepdad, along with their bootlegging, rented out rooms on their Texas ranch to lawbreakers on the run.

Kathryn also had two uncles serving time in Leavenworth penitentiary, where she used to visit them, one jailed for car theft, the other for counterfeiting.

At age 29, she married bootlegger Charlie Thorne. Thorne didn't last long. Shortly after learning he was cheating on her, and having previously issued threats to kill him, she may have made good on those threats. Charlie was found shot between the eyes, with Kathryn's gun. Though he couldn't read or write, he supposedly left a typewritten note claiming he "couldn't live with or without Kathryn. Hence, I am departing this life." (Kathryn was friends with the coroner. Was that part of the reason a coroner's jury ruled that the fatal gunshot was self-inflicted, not the work of a pistol-packing wife?)

With Thorne's money, Kathryn upgraded her look and hit the speakeasies. Though she took a day job as a Fort Worth manicurist, she made money on the side by picking up businessmen, coaxing them onto lonely roads, and later splitting the loot with bandits who just happened to show up as these cars pulled over onto dark shoulders.

Her next two fellas were bootleggers, too. First there was "Little Steve" Anderson, an Oklahoma rumrunner. Then George Kelly Barnes, aka George Kelly, a business associate of Little Steve's. Dark-haired and charismatic, Kelly flashed wads of cash from his bootlegging and bank robbery ventures, and talked a big game. He married Kathryn in 1930.

"Kathryn played a major role in her husband's career," Ron Chepesiuk, author of *Queenpins: Notorious Women Gangsters of the Modern Era*, tells *Penthouse*. "The 'Machine Gun' Kelly that we have come to know is largely the making of the media with the help of Kathryn and J. Edgar Hoover's FBI.... She had the balls in the family."

IN 1986, JACKIE WRIGHT WAS SHOT IN THE HEAD. COPS FOUND HIM ROLLED UP IN A RUG.

With a taste for excitement and danger, Kathryn is often credited with planning many of the gangster couple's celebrated criminal activities. Canvassing the American midsection from Minnesota to Texas, Machine Gun and his moll went on a crime spree. (Their small crew was part of the Depression-era Midwest gangster wave that brought us Bonnie and Clyde, Dillinger, and Pretty Boy Floyd.)

Bank robberies, kidnapping, extortion. Kelly was partial to his Thompson submachine gun, purchased by Kathryn. She used to push him to work on his weaponry skills, and handed out spent cartridges in the drinking clubs, building Machine Gun's legend.

It was curtains, though, for the couple's freedom, after they and their accomplices kidnapped an Oklahoma oilman, ransoming him for a whopping $200K (roughly $3 million today). The FBI closed in. After trials that began in late 1933, Kathryn and Machine Gun received life in prison. Kathryn's mom and stepfather were hit with the same sentences, since they helped stash the oilman at their ranch for a week.

Machine Gun Kelly died in Leavenworth, after logging 17 years at Alcatraz. Kathryn and her mom were released after 25 years. The former died in Tulsa at age 81.

The trials were milestones in the history of the FBI and American justice. It was the first trial after passage of the Lindbergh Law, which made kidnapping a federal crime. It was also the first big case solved by Hoover's developing crime bureau. Movie cameras with sound were allowed in the courtroom. And never before had criminal defendants been transported by airplane (Memphis to Oklahoma City).

"People [couldn't believe] she was capable of committing the crimes," says Barbara Casey, author of *Kathryn Kelly: The Moll Behind Machine Gun Kelly*. "It was easier to believe that she was the 'poor little woman' who was trapped in a marriage with a domineering husband." However, FBI records and other documents tell a different story.

"It was Kathryn," says Casey, "who would decide which bank to rob and when. It was Kathryn who came up with the idea of kidnapping wealthy individuals for the ransom money. And it was Kathryn who [decided] to involve her family in the crimes."

THELMA WRIGHT

BACK in the late seventies, a young Philadelphia woman destined to earn the moniker "Boss Lady" met a major player in Philadelphia's dope game: green-eyed, red-Cadillac-driving Jackie Wright. They got married, and in 1982, Thelma Wright gave birth to a son, Jackiem.

Religious and athletic, Thelma came from a stable, two-parent home, went to Catholic grade school, and attended Temple University, where she studied real estate. She was interested in business and fashion. Meeting Wright, however, sent her life in a different direction.

"The only reason she even got involved in the drug game was because of her husband," Tiffany Chiles, editor-in-chief at *Don Diva* magazine, tells *Penthouse*. "Thelma was low-key."

Handsome, well-dressed hustler Jackie Wright was a top heroin wholesaler, associated with the Black Mafia, Philly's premier African-American criminal organization at the time. He didn't lack for cash, wining and dining young Thelma. After the couple got serious, they lived well on the proceeds from Jackie's operation. They had luxury cars. For fun, they'd fly to Vegas to attend championship boxing matches.

It wasn't all roses, though. "One day she got into a fight with Jackie. He shot her in the leg during the argument," Chiles says. "Thelma didn't cooperate with the police."

This gave her status in the streets. "Don't snitch" is rule No. 1.

In 1986, Jackie was shot in the head. Cops found him rolled up in a rug.

In Thelma's own words, she'd had "crazy love" for this man. After his murder, this grief-stricken young mother was desperate, looking for something to hold onto. When an associate of her husband wondered whether she herself might want to maintain Jackie's drug-distribution operation, she didn't reject the idea outright. She had a head for business. She needed money. She was used to a certain lifestyle. She signed on.

And that's how Thelma became the Boss Lady.

In her 2011 memoir, *With Eyes From Both Sides: Living My Life In and Out of the Game,* Thelma wrote about her six years of running a major East Coast cocaine and heroin operation during a decade when the drug trade turned Philly into a war zone.

With intimate knowledge of her husband's enterprise and strong ties to the increasingly important Los Angeles wing of the trafficking network, Thelma made a smooth transition into her new role. She based herself in L.A., traveling to Philly when required.

Thelma had no problem keeping up the lifestyle she'd gotten used to with Jackie. Pulling in $400K monthly, she lived large. She drove a Mercedes. She traveled by private jet. She took trips to Europe, went on Caribbean cruises. But she never got used to the danger and violence of the drug trade. One night while partying with her crew at Philly nightclub Studio West, a gangland shoot-out erupted. One of her friends was killed. Days later, more people close to her were executed.

"Thelma was afraid, she knew the game was vicious," Chiles recalls. "She was not into the violence of the game. She believed that if you weren't dropping bodies and associated with violence then you remained under the radar. In 1991, she left the game. She was witnessing her friends being murdered and arrested. She wanted out. She left the business and stayed under the radar for years. She never got arrested."

"THE MORE MONEY I MADE, THE MORE MONEY I WANTED. IT WAS ALL ABOUT THE MONEY."

Thelma Wright was working for a nonprofit organization, managing properties for women dealing with addiction and mental health issues, when she decided to come clean about her gangster past in the memoir. Today she has a foundation dedicated to empowering women and helping at-risk teens. She gives talks at schools and elsewhere about the drug trade's destructive effects. "When I go around and I speak to people," Thelma says today, "I'm letting them know that you need to stay away from this game. You're not going to win. It is a 'no win.' Two options: death or jail. That's it. There's nothing else."

JEMEKER THOMPSON

THIS future West Coast drug lord was born in Mississippi but grew up in L.A., where she faced poverty and evictions. It wasn't long before she got what a lot of girls in the 'hood in the 1980s wanted—a dealer boyfriend. Anthony "Daff" Mosley was a pot dealer, a charmer, and a "bad boy," in Jemeker's eyes. With her taste for the finer things in life, she convinced Daff to get out of the weed business and start selling cocaine, where the real money was.

"Daff was an older guy with money," Tiffany Chiles tells *Penthouse*. "Known for gambling and selling drugs. Jemeker eventually married Daff. She started small hustles with him, then worked up to U-Hauls of weed and eventually crack. She was never satisfied. She was addicted to the drama and money that came from the game."

As Jemeker herself put it years later to L.A. newsman Rick Garcia: "The more money I made, the more money I wanted. It was all about the money."

Even after Daff was gunned down while washing his car in 1984, Jemeker didn't step back; she expanded. She loved the lavish lifestyle, cruising L.A. in her fancy cars. Her business was selling hundreds of units at $40K to $50K a pop.

She surrounded herself with kingpins and dated with a purpose. She branched into new territories. She earned the nickname "Queen Pin."

"I was a woman in a world of kingpins and was able to deal with some of the biggest drug dealers ever," Jemeker remembers. "I was a tomboy and the only girl in my family, with all brothers. I was able to manipulate and operate in this man's world, it was easy for me…. I was unstoppable. I thought that until the day I was arrested."

She was shut down when an ex-boyfriend known as "Cheese" snitched her out. He was looking at a life sentence, and in exchange for his freedom he gave Jemeker up.

She fled L.A., and while hiding out, she kept living the high life. She was on the run for two years. Her downfall came when she decided to attend her son's sixth-grade graduation back in L.A. The feds were waiting. They put her in handcuffs in front of the kid.

Jemeker served 13 years for drug trafficking in a maximum-security California prison, overlapping with Griselda Blanco. The Queen Pin and the Black Widow. Released in 2005, she now serves as an evangelical minister at Second Chance Ministries in South Central L.A. In 2010, she published a memoir called, naturally, *Queen Pin*.

"If I knew the things that I've learned, today, looking back, I would've done things much different," Jemeker tells *Penthouse*. "Today I just take one day at a time and give back to women that are still incarcerated by writing personal letters to them. I'm very blessed and grateful to be alive today."

AVONDA DOWLING

THE Miami Herald called the drug-war nineties "The Decade of Death."

In inner-city Miami neighborhoods—Liberty City, Opa-locka, Little Haiti, Little River, Carol City, Overtown—the Latin cocaine kings and queens of the eighties had given way to African-Americans wanting to be a 'hood Scarface or Griselda Blanco. If you were cunning, committed, and vicious enough, you had a chance. Money and notoriety would follow. For the most part, women were accessories in this world, not players. Drug lords liked to have a dime piece on their arm. But a bitch giving orders? Didn't see much of that.

Avonda Dowling, aka Black Girl, was the exception. When Miami homicide detectives started investigating all the drug-war casualties in the Decade of Death, Avonda's name kept popping up, connected in one way or another to the carnage. Informants brought in for questioning admitted they knew her, and they all seemed to hit a common theme: She was dangerous.

Early on, Avonda established a reputation as someone who wouldn't back down. She'd fight your ass. She was tall, smart, and athletic. Daughter of a longshoreman. She started thieving early, shoplifting big-ticket items. And the violence was there, too.

She was first arrested for aggravated battery in 1987, using a baseball bat. Four years after that, more battery charges. Then there was the time in 1992 she tried to run someone over with a car.

Avonda got into the drug game in the 1980s after hooking up with a Miami gangster, Bunky Brown. She rose in his organization, and after Brown got put away, Avonda started running the powder and crack-cocaine operation herself.

Her outfit got a name: Vonda's Gang. She liked to be hands-on. She cooked some of the crack herself in a series of rented apartments. Hid her cash in Tupperware containers. Treated rivals with absolute malice. Vonda's Gang maintained a heavily defended Overtown drug spot, or "hole," from 1985 until the end of the nineties.

"She came to power as result of a gang war," *Queenpins* author Ron Chepesiuk tells *Penthouse*. "There was a niche for an enterprising drug lady like Avonda. She was as ruthless as her main competitors, a gang known as the Boobie Boys, and twice as smart. She was feared in the 'hood, and in the criminal world of the 'hood, with fear comes respect."

Miami's Boobie Boys gang, led by kingpin Kenneth "Boobie" Williams, built a multimillion-dollar, multistate drug operation. But in Overtown and surrounding inner-city communities, the upstart Vonda's Gang was grabbing business and knocking off any dealers trying to horn in on their turf. Before long, an all-out street war began, AK-47s blasting away, gang enforcers targeting gang enforcers, deaths quickly rising into the double digits.

Avonda's operation pulled in millions over time. A federal prosecutor later described her drug hole—which supplied smaller dealers as well as individual addicts—as a 24-7 Walgreens of cocaine. Her "employees" could make thousands on a good day.

It couldn't last. By 2002 Avonda and most of her crew were arrested and charged under the federal drug kingpin statute. A year later, after a six-week trial, she was found guilty and sentenced to 20 years in federal prison. The feds considered seeking the death penalty, says Chepesiuk. "But [they] decided against it, concluding there wasn't enough evidence for a death penalty ruling. No one knows for sure how many murders she was responsible for, because Miami was so violent during her era, but I would say Avonda was responsible for dozens."

Avonda Dowling is currently serving her time at FCI Dublin, a low-security federal prison in California. Her scheduled release date is in 2020.

MELISSA CALDERON

THIS fierce Mexican murder queen and cartel boss was deemed a maniacal control freak by her assassin ex-boyfriend and second-in-command, Pedro "El Chino" Gomez.

As part of Fuerzas Especiales de Dámaso, a team of *sicarios* within the Sinaloa Cartel that functioned as a special forces-type army, Melissa Calderon has been linked to 180 murders, with firsthand responsibility for at least nine hits. She started her cartel life in 2005, at the tender age of 20. "La China," as she's known, was making brutal waves in Mexico's criminal underworld by 2008, combining her fiery temper with training in military-quality special operations tactics.

Known for taunting the families of her rivals by depositing their chopped-up bodies on their doorsteps, and for flashing an AK-47, La China—who rewarded loyal workers with bags of coke—was the cruelest of *sicarias*. Her turf was the small Mexican state of Baja California Sur, which includes La Paz and tourist hotspot Cabo San Lucas. With her in charge of cartel enforcement for that state, its murder rate spiked.

Backed by an army of killers at her beck and call, La China terrorized everyone who stood in her way. Brought into the cartel world by a drug lord boyfriend, she was a willing and able student of assassination craft. Knowing that it was better to be feared than respected, she unleashed hell on her enemies. As a female—and an attractive one at that—La China had to be more vicious than male counterparts, amping up her criminal persona.

"She had to be a bad motherfucker to rise in the ranks the way she did," says Ryan K. Smith, a true-crime historian and editor at Street Certified. "She reminds me of Griselda Blanco. They had to be extra ruthless to get respect in that world. The criminal underworld, in general, is very patriarchal and for a woman to gain respect, she has to be five times as hard. In the end, she still didn't get the props she wanted, because the Dámaso cartel asked her to step down from her post after a seasoned assassin by the name of Abel Quintero came home from prison. She was so offended that she ended up defecting and forming her own squad, going to war, and dropping a lot of bodies."

KNOWN FOR TAUNTING THE FAMILIES OF HER RIVALS BY DEPOSITING THEIR CHOPPED-UP BODIES ON THEIR DOORSTEPS, LA CHINA WAS THE CRUELEST OF *SICARIAS*.

Toward the end of La China's reign of terror, she responded to an episode where her logistics chief got on her bad side by having his forearms cut off before killing him. She tortured and killed a Dámaso gangster's girlfriend when she couldn't track down the guy.

In September 2015, Calderon's then-boyfriend Gomez ratted her out after being arrested. La China was busted at Cabo San Lucas International Airport, about to flee to Sinaloa. Another gang subordinate, who had overseen drug sales and the disposing of bodies, corroborated what Gomez had told police. He also showed them La China's secret burial ground.

The murder queen is currently serving life at Federal Social Readaptation Center No. 1, a maximum-security prison in Almoloya de Juárez.

VERONICA MIREYA MORENO CARREON

THE Mexican gangster known as La Flaca ("Skinny Girl") was once a decorated police officer wounded on the job in 2009 during a shoot-out with would-be kidnappers.

Not long after that, she joined the fearsome Los Zetas drug gang. It's alleged that she was dating a Los Zetas *plaza* boss (a *plaza* is a drug-trafficking territory) who was one of her contacts when she was a cop. When this narco got taken down in 2010, La Flaca took over. She managed the drug traffic for the cartel in the area around the northern city of Monterrey and used police sources to keep the operation running smoothly.

"Despite many men in the Mexican drug cartel world being ultra-macho and violent," says Ioan Grillo, author of *Gangster Warlords: Drug Dollars, Killing Fields, and the New Politics of Latin America,* "there have been women involved since the early days at all levels. In the last decade of mayhem, hundreds of women have been arrested from the capos' mansions to the *sicarios*' safe houses. Their motives for getting involved in narcotics and murder appear to be similar to the men—making money amid poverty, gaining power where the poor are so powerless, and becoming part of something that offers them a certain protection and infamy in a dangerous environment."

As one of the first females to rise in the ranks of this vicious drug cartel, her nom de guerre, La Flaca, has been assumed by every skinny girl who wants to make her name in the Mexican drug trade. After being honored for her police bravery, La Flaca was reportedly dismissed from the force when she failed several lie-detector tests concerning whether or not she took cartel bribes. With her gangster lover imprisoned, La Flaca quit the force and dove head-first into the drug world, leaving a trail of bodies in her wake.

"Some theories suggest she probably was on the take or had ties to the cartel while on the job as a cop," says Christian Cipollini, author of *Murder Inc.: Mysteries of the Mob's Most Deadly Hit Squad*. "Beyond the theories, however, Mexican authorities were convinced La Flaca definitely took over leadership of that Zeta-controlled *plaza* within a month of its former honcho's arrest." The position didn't last, though, as La Flaca was busted by authorities in 2011 and charged with complicity in multiple murders and drug deals.

"The arrest of La Flaca revealed a growing trend in drug cartels—hiring females for positions traditionally dominated by males," Cipollini says. "From leadership roles to cold-blooded assassins, women are no longer relegated to being just a drug mule."

With only one year on top in the brutal Mexican drug trade, La Flaca made a name for herself. And by revealing that a woman can get down with the big boys of crime, she has reportedly inspired hundreds of other Mexican gangster girls to enter the drug trade.

Seth Ferranti is a former federal prisoner and emerging true-crime storyteller. His writings on gangsters have been featured on VICE, Don Diva, and Gorilla Convict.

SUPERNOVA

Our November CyberCutie, Nova Patra, is one crafty Canadian. After an orchestrated internet ruse in 2016, she turned herself into an overnight viral sensation. Today, her YouTube and Twitch.TV. channels are more heavily trafficked than the 101 Freeway. We decided Nova needed a break from the small screen, so we sent her out to beautiful Keats Island, B.C., to spend some naked time with Mother Nature, a vintage Chevy Nova, and a *very* strong watering hose.

Photography: Mandy-Lyn

Vital Stats:

34C-25-36

Age: 28 years old

Hometown: Vancouver, British Columbia

Let's talk about this video that launched your career.

I'm not the kind of person who gives up when things don't work out. Camming was slow, so I decided to try Twitch.TV. I was professional there, but I started to get some naughty, adult ideas.

Twitch.TV. is pretty P.G.

Totally. I tested the waters first just being a little naughty and the clip got a lot of traffic. So, my partner and I put our heads together and decided we needed to create a real mindfuck. We decided to keep my Twitch stream on "by accident" and make it look like I was "caught" masturbating. The video blew up on the internet. Everyone thought it was real. To date it's had over 100 million views.

Wow!

I got a lot of fans, and a lot of haters, too. I thought it was a smart idea. I knew the clickbait would work. People thought I had just "left my cam on."

How often do you webcam?

I used to cam all the time, now I consider myself a "content creator without borders." I will hop on Twitch.TV, or Chaturbate, or do my YouTube videos. I'm all over the place. I try to stay in touch with my fans and community.

What's one thing you won't do on camera?

I'll do anything but sing.

Let's play "Fuck, Marry, Kill".

Fuck conformity, marry liberation, and kill self-doubt.

Atta girl.

Find more of Nova Patra at www.novapatra.com or see more at Penthouse.com

ASK FABER

BY STEVE FABER

MARK G. presents us with this riddle:
I consider myself a well-educated man, sophisticated, with a PhD in literature, yet I still can't wrap my head around the following. Why, when my girlfriend and I are at dinner with two other couples (or even one other couple), and my girlfriend or one of the other women have to pee, THEY ALL GET UP TO PEE TOGETHER? Reason? Help!

Calm down, Mark. You're dealing with a conundrum that has plagued the male of our species since our primordial days.

Archaeologists recently discovered the remains of a bison hunt. They were able to establish that three men feasted on said bison in one cave, while three females in an adjacent cave made use of prehistoric water bowls, soap, and mints (now fossilized). Clearly this has been going on for a long time.

The good news is that I can provide an answer. The potentially bad news is that the answer is a real head-spinner and may cause you psychological damage.

Having the same curiosity as you, I recently put on a wig and a hoodie and entered a women's room. Since I barely passed as a woman, I just kept my head down a lot. I'd thought about installing cameras at my friend's bistro and filming it; however, had I done that, I would be writing you from prison.

First, push out of your head and completely disregard your understanding of what you think a women's restroom is. The only similarity between the men's room and women's is a door (one saying "Men," the other "Women").

We men open our door, head right for a urinal or stall, pass our water, wash our hands, head back to the table.

But as I discovered in my disguise, the women's door is a false door. It simply leads to another door, which itself leads to something much more than a restroom.

It was the home of a coven, a sect of Urinary Celtic Wiccan women (or, as they playfully call themselves, "Pee Witches"). The restroom is actually two or three times the size of a men's room, with nooks, crannies, secret chambers, etc.

Apparently, all girls go through a highly secret ritual upon puberty. Either loyalty or fear keeps them from discussing it. Girls are taught the ancient Wiccan code: "If one shall pee, so shall three."

These white witches guided me to a stall where I could pee. But that was only a minor part of it. Afterward, my hand was taken by a gnome (in addition to Wiccans, the women's restroom contains gnomes and fairies) and I was led to still another room, where I was anointed with sacred oils.

After the anointing, I was taken to the Great Hall of Bitching & Mirrors, where I was seated. This lengthy hall contains row upon row of mirrors. I was instructed to check my makeup and bitch about my dinner companion. Spells were cast on me, and depending on how I described my "date," sitting back in the restaurant eating his food, spells were cast on him.

You may ask, "What if a man is dining alone with a woman and she has to pee?" Not a problem. The Wiccans keep rooms for "singulars" and for women who enter in pairs. All the same rituals go on, with gnomes and fairies attending.

Later, as I left the Great Hall, sage was passed across my body, I was given a small, sacred Wiccan stone and I became…empowered.

Every time a woman pees at a restaurant, she receives this empowerment stone, which eventually wears off, until her next foray into another restaurant's restroom.

When I returned to the table after ditching the wig and hoodie, I noticed other women returning to their waiting husbands, boyfriends, partners, what-have-yous, all of them asking, "What took you so long?"

This is where all that jazz about long lines, few stalls, toilets out of order, hair-pulling fights inside the women's restroom, etc., is proffered as an excuse.

So now you know the truth, Mark. Your girlfriend is a witch. Don't make an issue of it, though. They cast long spells.

GIRLS ARE TAUGHT THE ANCIENT WICCAN CODE: "IF ONE SHALL PEE, SO SHALL THREE."

Steve Faber is a screenwriter whose credits include Wedding Crashers and We're the Millers. He also created the acclaimed blog "Washingwood" for the Huffington Post.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / ALEKSANDER HUNTA

SHE MADE ME DO IT

BY JENNY NORDBAK

I TRIED to look casual as I walked up to the front door of a Beverly Hills mansion and rang the doorbell. The neighbors would never suspect I was a professional dominatrix, but something about house calls always made me feel extra naughty. I very rarely took sessions outside of the dungeon, but couples were my favorite, and I knew Miranda and Aiden from outside of work, too. They were regulars as well as friends. Besides, what they had proposed was too intriguing to pass up.

Aiden answered the door with a huge grin on his face.

“Welcome, Mistress. Please come in.”

He helped me out of my leather trench coat, and hung it on a peg by the door. I smirked as I noted how out of place it looked next to the collection of beige and pastel jackets hanging with it.

Aiden led me through the foyer to a gorgeously furnished living room, which looked like something out of an Ethan Allen catalog—with one exception: In the center of the room, his wife, Miranda, was naked and bound over a leather spanking bench. Her head was turned toward us, but since she was wearing a red blindfold and earplugs with noise-cancelling headphones over them, she didn’t react when we entered the room. She looked deliciously helpless and ready to be taken, but that wouldn’t be my role that evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher had been coming to see me for months at the dungeon to try to find a way to make their kinks compatible. Miranda desperately wanted to be Aiden’s little fuck toy, for him to dominate and use her. Aiden, on the other hand, was turned-on by that idea in theory, but couldn’t seem to muster the confidence to play the part when it actually came down to it. In our last session at the dungeon, we had accidentally discovered the key to making it work.

Aiden, it turned out, was turned-on by being *forced* to do those things to his wife, treating her in a way that was anathema to his personality. If he handed the reins over to me, it gave him permission to enjoy things that he would feel guilty or uncomfortable doing by himself. It had worked beautifully within the confines of the dungeon, but I was excited to see how it would play out in their comfort zone where there weren’t any rules.

Miranda knew I was there because the three of us had discussed the terms of the scene beforehand, but in her fantasy she was alone with Aiden, so I wasn’t going to do anything to make her aware of my presence. I was basically just going to be giving orders from the couch.

I took a seat and arched an eyebrow expectantly at Aiden. He dropped his shorts and then fell naked to his knees before me.

“I take it she’s properly warmed up like we discussed?” I asked, flicking my eyes to his helpless wife.

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good. In that case, I want you to turn the Hitachi on low, and start spanking her ass.”

He silently obeyed, switching on the vibrator that was angled against her clit. Her whole body tensed before she started to push back against it, breathing heavily. She flinched again as Aiden’s palm smacked her plump cheek, but as he began to alternate cheeks in a steady rhythm, she relaxed.

“That isn’t a spanking, you fucking pussy. Harder!”

He struck her more forcefully, making a delightful smacking sound as her ass bounced. She cried out, but arched her back begging for more.

“Harder,” I ordered.

He obeyed, eliciting a series of squeals from Miranda.

“Now put these on her,” I commanded, tossing him a pair of beginner nipple clamps.

She flinched as he attached each of them, parting her lips and rolling her neck wantonly.

“Keep spanking her, but pull her hair at the same time.”

He wove his fingers through her dark hair, grabbing it in his fist. I could tell he wasn’t really pulling.

“Like you mean it!”

He groaned, spanking her even harder and yanking her hair back forcefully.

Miranda cried out again, and moaned, “Oh yeah, Daddy, pull my hair!”

“Turn the vibrator up without releasing her hair.”

She moaned mindlessly as the hum of the vibrator got louder. She was trying to grind her clit against it, but she was tied so tightly she couldn’t move enough to get the release she craved.

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / KUZNECHIK

"AIDEN, IT TURNED OUT, WAS TURNED-ON BY BEING FORCED TO DO THOSE THINGS TO HIS WIFE, TREATING HER IN A WAY THAT WAS ANATHEMA TO HIS PERSONALITY."

"Your wife wants to get fucked, Aiden. Are you going to fuck her hard?"

"Yes, please, Mistress."

I waited until he eagerly lined up his erection with her pussy, but just as he started to rock forward, I added, "Not with that."

He stepped back in surprise, and looked at me with pathetically pleading eyes.

"She's a dirty little fuck toy. We can do better than that first. Stick this in her ass and then fuck her with this until she comes," I said, handing him a small metal butt plug and a large pink dildo.

Miranda was an anal virgin, but they had been starting to experiment with some toys, so she was taken further out of her comfort zone as he spread her ass and gently pushed the lubed up plug against her. She thrust back against it, and it slid into place easily. Aiden then pressed the dildo against her pussy lips and started to work it slowly in and out. She came before it was even all the way in.

"Now fuck her hard with it. Just as she's about to come again, remove the nipple clamps."

It only took a minute of him pounding her hard with the dildo before she was clearly going to climax again. He reached around to remove the clamps, causing her to thrash mindlessly as pain and pleasure collided into her release.

"Well done, slave. As your reward, *now* you may fuck her. Turn the vibrator all the way up, leave the plug in, and pound her as hard as you can. I better hear her screaming from my car."

I rose from the couch and walked quietly back to the front door. I heard Aiden groan deeply as I lifted my coat from the hook, pulled it on, and opened the front door.

Exiting the house, I was treated to the deeply satisfying sounds of deeply satisfied clients.

Jenny Nordbak is a retired dominatrix and author of The Scarlett Letters: My Secret Year of Men in an L.A. Dungeon.

COME-DRUNK

Penthouse Pets Gina Valentina and Jenna Sativa are two peas in a pot plant. They both love herbal enhancements, sparkly high heels, and getting drunk on pussy. One sunny afternoon, the two Pets decided to go wild on their favorite things, and then each other. They must have had a really cool time between one another's thighs, because when they were done, the Pets were totally come-drunk.

Photography: Sir Rom

SEE MORE OF JENNA AND GINA AT PENTHOUSE.COM
AND IN THE UPCOMING DVD RELEASE "JENNA SATIVA'S BOOTY CUTIES"

HOT LINES

BY LEAH MCSWEENEY

SUGAR AND SPICE

Hi Leah, I saw you on The Millionaire Matchmaker when I was like 13. I knew you were one of the baddest bitches ever since. I'm a young girl, hustling, trying to follow dreams and make it in NYC, but as you know, our beloved Big Apple isn't cheap. I've been considering becoming a sugar baby but I'm not sure if I should. The money aspect sounds great, but I don't want to become soulless just for a check. Do you have any advice for me going about that process? I'm hella nervous and slightly skeptical that I might get snatched by an old man who's actually part of a sex-trafficking circle.

You are too funny. I love that you were watching *Matchmaker* at 13 and could spot a baddy at such a young age. Kudos! From what I can tell by your email, you sound like an old soul in a youngin's body. Okay, so being a sugar baby. It's a nice term for prostitute/sex worker/hooker. Because that's what it is. And that's totally okay…if you can handle it. I don't believe these guys just want someone to go to dinner with. The temptation for more money will probably entice you to cross that line from a companion to a hooker. It's not a judgment. Look, we are all hookers in one way or another. If my daughter was asking me this I would say NO. But you aren't my daughter. So I'm saying, think about it hard. Maybe try it once? There are websites that provide these services. My more sane and sound advice to you is, get an internship at an amazing company, find a mentor, put your energy into elevating your value and experience. It will be a lot more enjoyable then staring at an old ugly pervert while you eat lamb chops and drink champagne. Promise.

GARLIC NOTS

I've been with this guy for about a year. When we have sex, he pulls out and finishes in my mouth every single time. It's not horrible, but it's not my favorite, either. He's a chef, so he often tastes like garlic, too, which adds another layer to things. If I had it my way, we'd do that like once a week, not once a night! I feel like porn has made it so men expect this now, and while I love this guy and I don't want him to feel rejected, I feel like it's a bit much. Help!

No, no, and no! If you don't want extra protein every night tell him in a nice way. Tell him you want him to come on your tits instead cuz it turns you on. You are so right about men thinking porn is real-life. It's nuts. If you love him, then you will make it work. Plus, he's a chef which means he has a job and these days that's hard to find (crazy how low my standards have become). I think once-a-week come-swallowing is very fair. And he should, too.

FURBALLS

The guy I've been seeing has two small dogs, and he lets them jump up on the bed and stay there all night, even while we're having sex. I'm not into dogs, especially when they're staring at me while my ass is up in the air. When I complain about them being around all the time, he just claims they're lovable and says, "What's the big deal?" Is this a deal-breaker, or should I mellow out, because otherwise this guy is pretty great.

This is a very sensitive subject. A lot of people see their animals as family members so you have to be careful not to offend. I think you should tell him that you got bit by a dog when you were younger and it traumatized you. And that you don't mind being around his dogs, but during sex you want to be able to focus fully on him and instead you are fighting off your PTSD from being attacked when you were a kid. Explain to him that you want to be fully engaged while in reverse-cowgirl and not worried about getting mauled by his little furballs with teeth that are creeping up on your vag and his balls. If he isn't receptive to this, keep it moving. Good luck, boo!

BORN TO PORN

The guy I've been with for a year now is really into porn stars. I'm not just talking about pleasuring himself to porn, which I think everyone does. He goes to the AVN awards in Vegas, and attends adult conventions a couple times a year so he can get stuff signed by his favorite stars. Sometimes when he's talking about how nice certain porn stars are, it weirds me out. Oh, and on Sunday nights he plays Dungeons & Dragons all night with his friends—he's been doing this since they were all teenagers. He's a great guy, and we get along really well. Should I just let him have his interests and deal with it?

Girl, I'm more concerned with Dungeons & Dragons than the

PHOTO CONTRIBUTED BY LEAH MCSWEENEY

MAYBE YOU GUYS CAN HAVE SEX WITH A PORN STAR TOGETHER? THAT WOULD BE A FANTASY FOR ME, BIG-TIME.

porn stars. How old is this guy? I didn't even know that that shit still existed! As for the AVN awards, I mean, I wouldn't be too into that, but at the same time I really love porn stars, too, and I could see how someone would totally fan out. I think you should go with him to the adult conventions. Maybe you guys can have sex with a porn star together? That would be a fantasy for me, big-time. Aside from that, it sounds like his somewhat nerdy and off-color interests don't bother you that much. It's all about what you are comfortable with. Great guys are hard to come by.

MAN UP

Tell me if I'm being insensitive, or if you agree with me on this. I've been with a guy for about nine months now, and he's awesome…except he cries really easily. Sad songs make him cry. Sad movies, too. Even those lame "send money to feed this villager" commercials! He's a very stable guy, but this amount of vulnerability is making me think of him as less of a man. Is the problem that I'm expecting men to be lumberjacks who can't cry? Struggling with this.

Sorry for being insensitive, but this made me laugh. It's very odd. I've never been with a man that cried easily. Quite the opposite. And they all turned out to be psycho, so maybe this is good news for you. I guess it would be hard for me to deal with a man who cried more than me. But again, that doesn't mean he's not able to be a "man." I think you need to judge his masculinity on other things. Forget about the crying for a minute. Does he fuck you like he means it, or does he fuck you like he's a bitch? Do you feel protected by him? Like you can count on him? You have to ask yourself these things, then judge whether he is manly enough for you.

Leah McSweeney is founder and CEO of Married to the Mob clothing line and cohost of the podcast "Improper Etiquette," with hip-hop radio personality Laura Stylez.

THANK GOD FOR SLUTS

IT'S TIME WE GIVE CREDIT WHERE IT'S LONG OVERDUE--TO THE WOMEN WHO TEACH THE REST OF US HOW TO BE GREAT IN BED.

BY TRACIE EGAN MORRISSEY

I USED to give the worst blowjobs. I mean, just terrible. Nobody ever explicitly told me how lousy I was at it—maybe out of politeness or, perhaps, timidity bred from the awkwardness of young people who are new at sex. Either way, with many years of experience, sexual wisdom, and hindsight being 20/20, I can see clearly now that I sucked at sucking dick.

The first time I put a penis in my mouth was also the first time I had ever seen one in real life. I cannot overstate my novice status. I had absolutely no idea what I was supposed to do. At 17 and living with my parents—late adopters of any and all types of technology—I had no internet access, so privately researching porn in the comfort of my own bedroom wasn't an option.

And even setting foot in the "adults only" section of my local video store was out of the question. For starters, I technically was not an adult, but more importantly, I knew the dude cashiers who worked there. They went to the same high school as my cousin and knew me by name. Word would spread *very* quickly that I was watching dirty movies by myself. Undoubtedly, those horny idiots had viewed the entire smut catalog—probably right there in the store on slow days.

The double standard was as obvious as it was frustrating: If *I* took such an overt interest in sex I would surely be branded a "slut" or possibly a "lesbian"—both terms were used pejoratively to describe girls who deviated from norms of femininity. Although those labels were nothing more than the semantic derogation of women, they assigned a stigma that was tough to shake and could make a girl's life miserable. I'd seen it happen.

"Sluts" were social punching bags, subject to sneers from girls, leers from boys, and jeers from everyone. It wasn't something specific to my school or my hometown. Public humiliation has been employed to keep women in line through the ages, from Hester Prynne's scarlet letter to Monica Lewinsky's blue dress.

It's probably why none of my girlfriends spoke graphically or in great detail about their sexual experiences. They knew better than to risk getting a bad reputation. At the time, I had four close friends who were no longer virgins. They always used vague terms to describe what they'd done with their boyfriends. I mean, who knows if they even would've been helpful—they likely weren't very good at giving blowjobs either. After all, they were still beginners.

1) One friend, Stephanie (fake name), had given me the most insight into BJs after we got stoned one day after school and I'd been brazen enough to simply ask her about it. She was arguably the wisest of my friends, because she'd sucked *two* dicks. (Not at the same time…I don't think.) She didn't walk me through the basics or give me any instruction. But she did offer two pieces of practical advice, based on her own misadventures, that I truly took to heart: 1) Keep his dick in your mouth the entire time, because you never know when he's going to come, and if you pull away at the wrong time you will get jizz up your nose. She did not elaborate further. 2) Do *not* eat broccoli before doing anything sexual in which you might have to bend your body around[1]. One time, she said, she had eaten a creamy pasta dish with broccoli in it. Later, she was sucking her boyfriend's dick as he was lying on his back and she was naked, in a sort of child's pose yoga position, when she farted.

At that moment, she seemed like the strongest person in the world to me. How could she go on living, I marveled, having audibly farted in front of a boy?

Stephanie was resilient, though. That was not the only mortification she'd survived. She had also weathered a "slut" scandal of her own. The reason why I knew that she'd sucked two dicks is because the entire world knew that she had sucked two dicks. And people weren't kind about it. Girls mostly shunned her—even I limited my interactions with her to clandestine joint sessions or the odd whip-it. Guys in our school wouldn't allow themselves to be publicly associated with her, so she branched out to other school districts for boyfriends and prom dates.

As it turns out, smoking pot with the class slut was the closest

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / HENDERBETRBETH ; OPENING SPREAD: DMITRI MA; RIGHT: ALEXANDRU LOGEL

I'd come to functional, reliable sex education. And for that, I remain grateful.

With no other resources, I was left with women's magazines to learn about men's bodies. I could buy a copy of *Cosmo* at CVS and none of the cashiers there (because I knew them, too) would assume that I was a big whore. But even as an inexperienced teenage girl, I realized that mainstream women's magazines fucking sucked. *Cosmo,* and others like it, made "femininity" a source of anxiety, perpetuated its myth, and then offered itself as a solution. It's like breaking somebody's legs and then selling them crutches.

Considering the male-centered construction of women's sexuality upheld within its pages, one would think *Cosmo* would be a good place to turn for accurate information on how to pleasure a man. Prior to the proliferation of women's interest blogs—which changed the tone of these types of conversation by speaking to women in a really raw and honest way—women's magazines used to speak to women like they were idiots who could barely look after themselves[2]. Oddly, though, instead of doling out clear-cut, straightforward, idiot-proof instruction on oral sex, *Cosmo* would often make things way more confusing for the reader. Some of its sex advice was borderline ludicrous.

From a 2003 issue of *Cosmo*, in a now-infamous article titled "99 Ways to Touch Him: These Fresh, Frisky Tips Will Thrill Every Inch of Your Guy": "My girlfriend gets a glazed donut and sticks my penis through the hole. She nibbles around it, stopping to suck me every once in a while. The sugar beads from her mouth tingle on my tip."

Have people actually done this? In a way that wasn't a total joke? Eating a donut and giving a blowjob are two completely different states of mind and physiology. One necessitates biting and chewing while the other should involve zero of both! One is a delicious vacation and the other is, well, work (they don't call it a "job" for nothing).

Other advice wasn't so out there, but in retrospect, it was still really fucking weird. From a 2002 issue of *Cosmo,* citing their "Favorite Sex Tips Ever": "Give your man a massage without using your hands. Before you begin, slowly undress your partner, but make sure that he stays warm. (If the room isn't toasty enough, cover him with towels or sheets.) Then, keeping your hands at your side or behind your back, stroke his body (all except for his penis) with your face, hair, and breasts. Once he's totally relaxed, rub your breasts against his penis and he'll happily rise to the occasion."

It's no wonder that, by the time I'd arrived at the moment of

SMOKING POT WITH THE CLASS SLUT WAS THE CLOSEST I'D COME TO FUNCTIONAL, RELIABLE SEX EDUCATION.

[1] Nine years later, I would receive this same advice from a well-known alt porn star. If you don't know, "alt porn stars" are porn stars who have brown hair and tattoos.

[2] In the June 2008 issue of *Allure* there was a step-by-step illustrated article on how to take a shower. I shit you not. Step one: "Turn the water temperature to warm."

truth with my first pants-off boyfriend, I was bewildered. My nervousness only made things worse. After making out on my boyfriend's futon for quite some time, I fumbled around with his belt until he finally removed it himself. We continued to kiss as I tried to unbutton his jeans, but he eventually had to perform that task as well.

Embarrassed by my first two blunders, and not wanting a third, I opened my eyes, sat up, unzipped his jeans, and pulled them down, along with his boxers, to his ankles. And there it was: a penis. It was completely rigid and lying on his stomach, pointing up toward his face. Honestly, at that point, I had to fight the urge to stare at it, for like, a really, really long time. (*Whoa, those big veins! Is that normal?*) But that somehow felt rude, like when you see someone with a prosthetic arm or no eyebrows; look but don't linger. So I squeezed my eyes shut again, bent forward at the hips, and picked his dick up off his stomach with my mouth—with *only* my mouth.

And that's how I did it, with my head going up and down, sliding his dick in and out of my mouth, rather slowly. Having watched my fair share of late-night Cinemax—the cable channel that was once notorious for its "after dark" soft-core porn—I had seen a couple of blowjobs. Or at least, I had seen the tops of women's heads during blowjob scenes. It was enough to teach me that I wasn't supposed to just sit there, motionless, with a dick in my mouth.

However, I had no clue what to do with the rest of my body, particularly my arms, so they remained completely straight and still at my sides—like an Irish step dancer—the *entire time*. I don't know how he didn't laugh. I looked like I was bobbing for apples.

I was *so* naïve. I didn't know that, technically, the step before a blowjob is a handjob. (There weren't any handjob scenes on Cinemax.) I didn't even know that you were allowed to use your hands! Or that you were supposed to, that it would feel better. I don't have a dick, so I had no innate sense of what would feel good. Actually, at that moment, I forgot that the whole point of all of this—the kissing and the touching and the mouth stuff and the fingering—was pleasure.

Somehow, the poor guy came, despite the fact that I never increased my speed and my mouth became progressively drier. The second he began to ejaculate, I stopped all movement. Remembering Stephanie's advice, I didn't want to risk pulling away at this crucial moment, lest I get jizz up my nose. I waited for him to finish. I wasn't sure how I would know he was done, so I just sat there, my eyes now open, staring directly at his pubes, hoping for some sort of sign. My mouth was now full of warm, thick, mucous-y stuff, and I was eager to spit that shit out. Finally, he tapped me on the shoulder.

I pulled back and his dick, still a little hard but not as solid as before, flopped back onto his lower abdomen. Then I opened my mouth up wide, like the claw machine in an arcade, and dropped his load right on top of his dick. Completely forgetting where I was and what had just happened, I grabbed his T-shirt from the side of the futon and hocked a loogie into it. I balled up the shirt and started wiping my tongue off with it. I took a swig of water, but that didn't help. It just accentuated the film that seemed to be on my tongue. I took another peek at his penis, to examine the come I'd dumped on it. *Huh,* I thought, *it's just like the icing in the little packets of Toaster Strudels*. If only it tasted like it.

And that was pretty much my blowjob routine for the entirety of that relationship. I eventually figured out, on my own, that I needed to wrap my top lip around my teeth, so I added that to my repertoire. After about a month's worth of blowjobs, he told me to "grab it," meaning his penis. From then on, I would use one stationary hand to hold his penis at the base. Maybe he was just grateful that I was sucking his dick at all, so he felt bad about giving any critique. He was a nice guy and he loved me. But it wasn't helpful for either of us.

Like anything else, the only way I became good at giving blowjobs was through practice. But like I said, going down on the same guy—who wasn't very vocal about his own desires, and was too sweet to dish out any constructive criticism—over and over again, was not improving my ability or advancing my skill level. What I needed to do was suck a lot of different dicks. So that's what I did.

By the time I was in college, I'd discovered sex-positive feminism, which enabled me to recognize the simple notion that sex is nice and pleasure is good for you. The pursuit of sexual pleasure is not shameful, and in fact, it's an expression of my sexual agency, which is merely a pretentious way of saying that I'm not sexual object, I'm a sexual subject. It sounds so obvious, and I suppose it is.

Women are not biologically discouraged from initiating and enjoying sex—but socially they are. When it comes to sex, social norms dictate an expectation for women to be both inexperienced and competent. It's an impossible catch-22. Acknowledging the futility in trying to escape the label, I just leaned into it.

I fucked so many guys. And sucked so many dicks. And had so much fun. Most importantly, I learned a lot. By dick number three, I finally worked out that you are totally allowed to use your hands during a blowjob, in a number of different ways. Fingers, too! About half a dozen dicks into my sexual history, I happened upon an uncircumcised one. But it took another two or three of those before I realized you have to handle the shaft skin little bit differently during a BJ.

About 25 dicks in, I had the epiphany that if you let the dick hit the back of your throat, and you gag a little, you'll produce excess saliva, which will make the job that much easier. About 30 dicks in, I figured out that even if his dick is too small to make you gag, you can merely pretend to gag and that will make him come almost immediately. Figuring out the techniques that make a guy come faster—ballplay, licking, ticklish spots—has been one of my favorite parts of sexual exploration.

WHEN IT COMES TO SEX, SOCIAL NORMS DICTATE AN EXPECTATION FOR WOMEN TO BE BOTH INEXPERIENCED AND COMPETENT.

Being with a lot of different dudes, with varying styles and approaches to sex, some of whom were more vocal than others, really taught me how to not only successfully navigate a man's body, but also my own. I'm good at giving pleasure, but also receiving it. Having that experience has made me better, not just physically, but emotionally. Like I said, sex is nice and pleasure is good!

That being said, my own personal attempt at the reclamation of "slut" ultimately failed. As did the efforts of riot grrrls before me and nationwide "slut walks" after. "Slut" is still a barb. And a gendered one at that.

Ultimately, though, I know that there's really no such thing as a slut. It's a myth. The term barely even has anything to do with the number of men a woman has slept with, according to Elizabeth Armstrong, a sociology professor at the University of Michigan. In 2004, Armstrong, along with Laura Hamilton, an associate sociology professor at the University of California in Merced, embarked on a five-year research project on the daily lives and attitudes of college students at a Midwestern university. What emerged was a fascinating study published in their 2014 paper "'Good Girls': Gender, Social Class, and Slut Discourse on Campus." They found what many of us already know: that the criteria of judgment for defining a slut were illogical.

"Surprisingly, women who engaged in less sexual activity were more likely to be publicly labeled a 'slut' than women who engaged in more sexual activity," Armstrong said. "This finding made little sense until we realized that college women also used the term as a way to police class boundaries."

"One of the ways that high-status women signaled to those trying to break in to their social groups that they did not fit in was by engaging in public 'slut-shaming,'" Armstrong said. "This often took the form of calling other women out for their dress or deportment."

The definition of "slut" is so nebulous and arbitrary that the only real qualification is that it needs to be a woman. In fact, in a lot of internet porn, a slut basically denotes all women. The term is "nothing more than a misogynistic catch-all," according to Armstrong, "a verbal utility knife that young people use to control women and create hierarchies."

That reality is illustrated by the rhetoric found on men's rights activists sites. One such site published a "listicle" that went viral in 2013: "24 Signs She's A Slut." In it, the author explains how he hopes to sleep with a woman on the first date, but at the same time, speaks condescendingly about her decision to do so. That absurdity carries through the "slut signs" he later enumerates. They range from "has tattoos" to "has traveled alone or with girls only" on vacation to "has an even, nice tan."

In a follow-up to his original post, the author generated yet another list, with 26 additional "slut signs." These include "wears hoop earrings," "is an athlete," and "is good at giving blowjobs." Any woman—whether she's a literal nun or a literal whore—would likely check off several of the 50 supposed signs of sluttiness.

It's painfully obvious that "slut," particularly in MRA spaces, signifies masculine anxieties about female sexuality. What's baffling, though, is the derision with which the author—and the thousands of comments beneath his post—spoke about women who are good at giving blowjobs. Why wouldn't a man want a good blowjob? And why wouldn't he respect a woman who can provide one? Women aren't disgusted by men who are good at eating pussy. It's such a seemingly rare occurrence that we like to keep those guys around! When a guy can make a woman come, she's too busy wringing the bed sheets to bother wringing her hands over where he picked up those moves. She's not worried about how he learned to be so good, or how many women it took him to arrive at that skill level. She's just thankful.

We should all be thankful every time we encounter a partner who knows what the fuck they're doing. Thank God for sluts! Because without them you might not get laid—and you definitely wouldn't get good head.

Tracie Egan Morrissey is an author and producer. Currently a development executive at Viceland, she also founded Broadly, Vice Media's women's interest site, and was a founding editor of Jezebel.com.

IN FOCUS WITH EMMA SALMON

FONTAINE

EQUIPMENT

CAMERA: CANON 1DX
LENS: CANON 24-70MM F2.8
LIGHTS (ONLY 2 PICS USE ARTIFICIAL LIGHTS, THE REST ARE NATURAL LIGHT): PROFOTO B1 HEAD & ZOOM REFLECTOR

PHOTO: LUCIA BRAHAM

AUSTARLIAN photographer Emma Salmon (left), owner of the Black Light, gives us a rundown of why she has the best job in the world.

What exactly do you do?

My dream job! Half of my time is spent traveling around the country to pole-dancing studios taking photos of girls doing crazy tricks. The other half consists of location shoots at hotels, beaches, and beautiful outdoor locations with the most stunning women. I like my photos to have an "edge" to them, often using a lot of shadows or a strong location to emphasize the beautiful model.

What's the craziest shoot you've been on?

Ha! Without naming names I can say this much: When I lived in Ibiza [Spain], I was on a shoot in a mega villa where they had topless waitresses serving drinks to the models and crew. Shetland ponies and fire-breathers wandered around as people arrived by helicopter. Needless to say, the after party was slightly debaucherous!

What makes a woman sexy?

The shape of a woman's body and her curves. Her confidence, style, bad-ass attitude, and sense of humor.

What makes a man sexy?

Style and creative talent, a positive attitude, and aspirations. They need to be respectful to people and animals and always up for a laugh.

When did you start the Black Light?

About five years ago. The name reflects the dark and shadowy style of photography I like.

Tell us about your photos

They were taken in different locations in Australia and the U.S. A beach in Melbourne where we got covered in clay mud climbing up a cliff. A golf course which we got kicked off, hotels, studios, beaches and clifftops in Sydney, and a dusty side road in the Grand Canyon that felt like a scene from *Deliverance*.

Check out Emma's work:
Instagram & Facebook: @theblacklightsydney
Twitter: @theblacklightau
Website: *theblacklight.com.au*

INDIGO WOLF

JANE BLAIR

ESH & ALLY

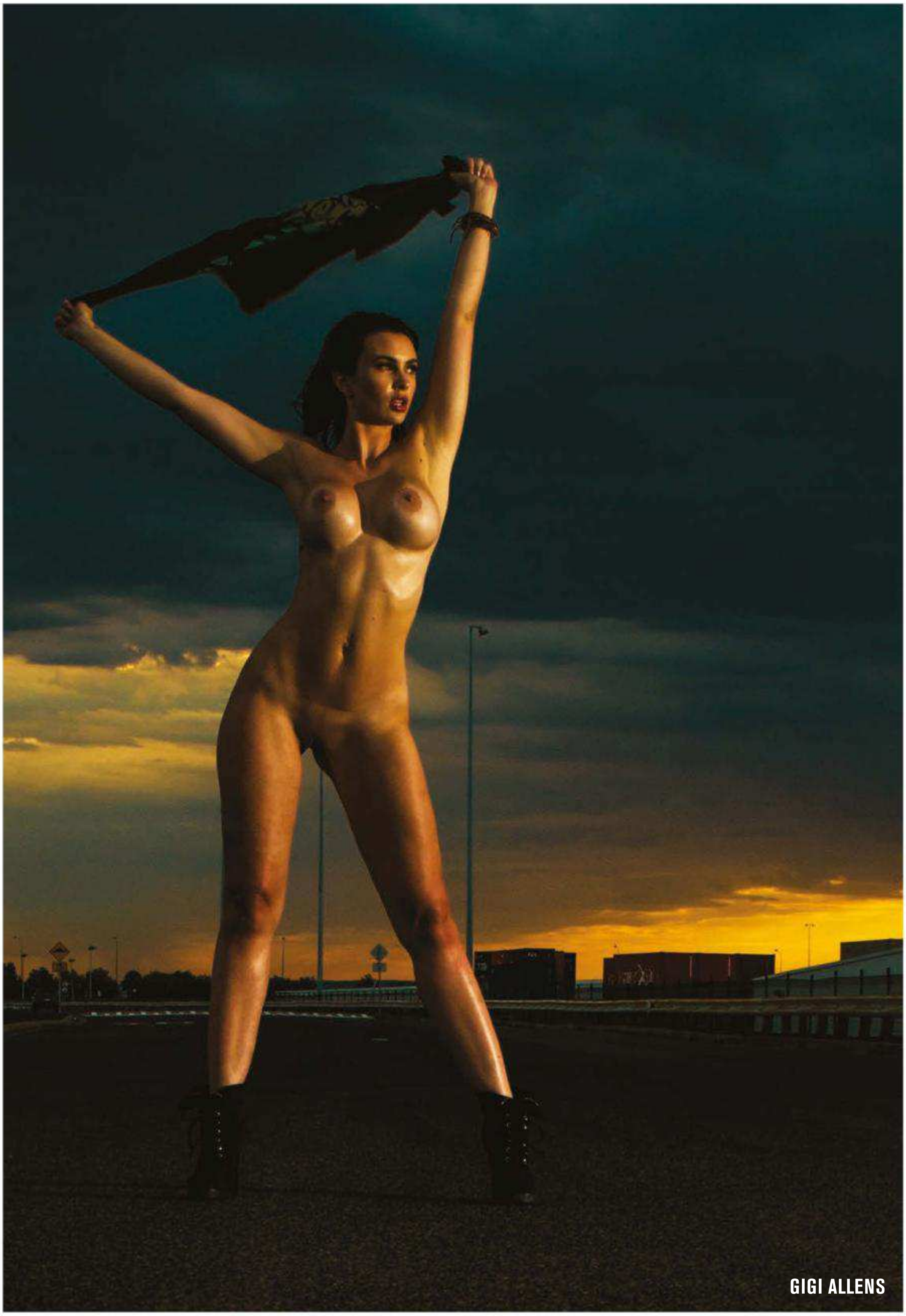
GIGI ALLENS

PHOTO: CURIOSO

UNWOKE AND IMPRACTICAL

THE DANGEROUS GAME OF BANNING TRANSGENDER SERVICEMEMBERS.

BY MATT GALLAGHER

A BIG debate in the military community returned with a fury in late summer. In a series of tweets sent from a golden toilet, President Trump announced his administration would be banning transgender citizens from military service—as well as removing trans folks already in the military. (Somewhere between 4,000 and 15,000 servicemembers, according to various media estimates.)

This announcement caught the Pentagon off guard, and as of press time, it's still murky whether or not Trump's trans ban will receive any follow-through, let alone implementation. (The Department of Defense announced that it did not consider Twitter an official communication channel for the commander in chief and thus would be waiting for something more official.) To Trump proponents, this executive freelancing with directives shows initiative and the prodding of large, slothful institutions, I guess. To Trump detractors, it again shows a man unwilling or unable to understand basic government practices.

Openly trans citizens have been able to serve in the military only since late in Obama's second term, a decision that was met then with some outcry and pushback. A percentage of the objections seemed measured enough: concerns and questions about unit cohesion, morale, oversight ability, financial costs. Critics also sought specifics concerning gender reassignment surgeries and their impact upon the mission, etc.

Other objections skewed more toward the drunk-uncle-at-Thanksgiving variety: "I don't want someone who gets their dick chopped off protecting me, har har har." Add to this suggestions that transgender people are mentally unwell, and, my personal favorite, the assertion that military isn't a social experiment. (Usually accompanied by an exclamation point and a meme with a giant-ass American flag in it.)

The military isn't a social experiment? What the hell else would you call an organized force designed to let young people kill and get killed for the ideas, ideals, and politics of their home country/older people? Hell yeah, the military is a social experiment. So was riding a horse into battle, using a musket, integrated units, allowing women to serve, and

> **SIMPLY PUT, AMERICA IS NOT IN A POSITION TO BE KICKING OUT ABLE-BODIED YOUNG PEOPLE, ESPECIALLY ONES WITH COMBAT EXPERIENCE AND FOR WHOM HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF TRAINING DOLLARS HAVE ALREADY BEEN INVESTED.**

ending conscription, once upon a time.

Organized violence with rules like the Geneva Convention is itself a social experiment. I don't know about you, dear reader, but personally I'm glad for it–I like being able to walk down the block to Starbucks to type out my monthly rage-screeds for *Penthouse* without the fear of rival hunter-gatherer Cody the Caveman spiking me over the head with his club.

ANYHOW. Back to transgender citizens and the military. Stereotypes be damned, it's not easy to become an American soldier, sailor, airman, or Marine. Especially nowadays. To wit: Something like one-third of American young people are too overweight to join the military, according to a 2015 report by the nonpartisan nonprofit Mission Readiness. By my napkin math, that's roughly 25 million people.

Meanwhile, Trump's transgender ban seeks to kick out that aforementioned 4,000 to 15,000 servicemembers already serving, as well as bar entry to an unknown number of potential future recruits. (Considering how recently trans citizens were allowed to join the military, it'd be foolhardy to even try an estimate at how many would/will join in future years.)

Those 4,000 to 15,000 trans servicemembers have already met all physical, mental, and moral thresholds placed in front of them. They've met the standard. Isn't that all that's supposed to matter in the military? That's what I learned in the Army. It didn't matter what your skin color was, what god you worshipped, how much money your parents had, or how you preferred getting your rocks off. Meet the standard? You're in. Don't? See you later, thanks for trying.

This isn't about national security, no matter what Trump or his gobbler-chinned robber barons may argue. It's more us-versus-them hatred and preying upon a vulnerable community, because that's what this president does.

If President Trump really cares about bettering our youth and military, he'd look into former First Lady Michelle Obama's Let's Move! exercise campaign for young people. I don't know how much it really changed, but at least it was something. At least it tried to defy the narrative that our kids are destined to be oversized and vacant-brained.

Not trying to pick on the overweight here–leave your body-shaming at the gate, you barbarians!–but yes, we want our young soldiers, sailors, airmen, and Marines fit. More broadly, it's important to remember that getting into (and staying in) the military is no automatic, whether the young recruit's going to be a cook or a spec ops snake-eater. And the physical standards are just one part of it–mental health, moral strength, the whole enchilada matters.

We are going on year 17 of the Global War on Terror. There is no end in sight, and if anything, it seems like the war gets bigger and more protracted with each passing day. More generational, to borrow Senator John McCain's term. Simply put, America is not in a position to be kicking out able-bodied young people, especially ones with combat experience and for whom hundreds of thousands of training dollars have already been invested. It's not just unwoke, it's impractical. And it's not just a betrayal of our better angels. It's fucking stupid.

The continuing separation of America from its military is a dangerous game for a republic. And make no mistake about it: Barring transgender citizens from service during wartime only aggravates that.

Matt Gallagher is a U.S. Army veteran of Iraq and the author of the novel Youngblood (Atria/Simon & Schuster).

PHOTO: CHERYL CASEY

PENTHOUSECAMS.COM

WORLD PEACE

ONE GUY'S ARGUMENTS AGAINST WHAT WE WERE TAUGHT TO BELIEVE

BY JOE DEROSA

Case: Your Parents

"Parents just don't understand"
–DJ Jazzy Jeff & the Fresh Prince

YEARS from now, when the annals of history include our timeline of idiotic events, I think it's safe to say they'll reference our stupid asshole of a president's lust for banning. Boy, does he love to ban. He's not any good at it, he just loves to try and do it.

So, I'm going to throw my two cents into the political ring here: You know what the commander in chief should do away with? Father's Day. And Mother's Day. And Parents' Day, which I didn't even know existed until I Googled "holidays celebrating parents." All three of these festive events should be erased from our celebratory calendars. And while we're at it, let's also ditch all the mugs and T-shirts that say "World's Greatest [fill in your favorite paternal figure here]."

I love my folks. I mean, I really, really love them. I love them to a point that I'm pretty sure I'd kill for them. The circumstance would have to be right, of course. I mean, I wouldn't go on some *Devil's Rejects*-style murder spree just because one of them politely asked me to do so. But if the situation were dire enough–let's say, somehow I knew that if I didn't kill a guy he would then in turn kill one or both of them, and I also knew I wouldn't, like, get the gas chamber for doing it–then sure, I think I'd kill for them. Probably. I can accept brutal violence under certain terms. What I can't swallow is the perpetuation of a ridiculous concept.

There is no world's greatest dad or mom because there are no superhumans. Given the average earthlings we're dealing with here, and given the fact that we're measuring them on how much they provide their children, the term "world's greatest" is not in any way qualifiable. It's like arguing whether cats are better than dogs (they're not, by the way). And speaking of cats and dogs, those animals have the human parents of this world beat by a long shot. In order to stave off predators, cats and dogs actually *eat the placenta* after their young are born. Now that's providing. It's also exceptionally nasty. So don't be so quick to pat yourself on the back because you cut the crust off a sandwich or took your kids to a Dodgers game.

Let's also discuss the prerequisites…er, prerequisite… to become a parent. There's only one: sex. (I realize that, like me, some of you are adopted, but if you want to get technical, that's really just a purchase.) Back to sex: the simple, brainless, and most-likely-less-than-nine-minute activity that led to your conception. Nothing magic or "great" there. Even if your folks made the sweetest, most tender, tantric Kenny G-type love to create you, it wasn't some superhuman achievement. This stuff is pretty basic. It's reproduction. Always remember: If an eleven-year-old can do it, it's probably not that complicated.

(NOTE: If you didn't get that last reference, Google "Insane Clown Posse Miracles video.")

So, all this miracle bullshit created and continually feeds an illusion that our parents are somehow miraculously "greater" than they are. They're not. "Parents just don't understand." Of course they don't! For the same reason you and I don't understand anything half the time!

Look, I can't speak for you, but I'm a fucking moron for at least 74 cumulative hours during any given week. So why should my folks be any different? I get that realizing your parents being as dumb or confused or frightened as you is as harsh a realization as anyone could have, but that's because we don't address it head-on. We inadvertently avoid it throughout our childhood, so when it finally hits it's devastating.

When I experienced it, I remember being mad at society for pulling the wool over my eyes, having me think my mom and dad were without limits. I'd been duped and it wasn't fair…especially to my mom and dad. They didn't deserve a son–one they'd provided so much for–suddenly being cross with them because they no longer had every answer; because they couldn't protect me from every atrocity of the outside world; because they weren't the superheroes I was led to believe they were.

The older I get, the more I realize what my parents

PHOTO: SHUTTERSTOCK.COM / ROMOLO TAVANI

EVEN IF YOUR FOLKS MADE THE SWEETEST, MOST TENDER, TANTRIC KENNY G-TYPE LOVE TO CREATE YOU, IT WASN'T SOME SUPER-HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT. THIS STUFF IS PRETTY BASIC. IT'S REPRODUCTION.

actually are: not superheroes, but antiheroes. And, quite frankly, that's what I want them to be: complex characters, capable of good, bad, and everything in between. Sometimes they succeed, sometimes they slip, sometimes they fall, sometimes they fly. They're complicated, like me. And I know for a fact my parents appreciate me seeing them as people and not perfection.

My mom and I recently started going to therapy together—a twist I never expected this late in our relationship. At the ripe age of 70, when most people are stuck in their ways and completely resistant to change, my mother agreed to see a therapist with me so we could better understand one another. And that to me celebrates how amazing she is more than any holiday ever could.

So, if this pitch for a holiday ban is ever actually read by Mr. Trump (assuming he can read) and he, for once, successfully manages to ban something—don't worry, nobody's telling you you can't shower your parents with love. It'll just be healthy, logical love. Find another, more mundane day to send them a gift and a card. We live in a capitalist society, for Christ's sake. There's no shortage of holidays for you to buy Mom or Dad something that says "Thank you."

Trust me, a new Blu-ray player showing up on the doorstep for no apparent reason other than it being Arbor Day is something every parent can understand.

Joe DeRosa is an L.A.-based comedian, writer, director, and actor (Better Call Saul, Louie). His stand-up is available online, along with his podcasts "We'll See You in Hell" and "Emotional Hangs." Follow him @joederosacomedy

MILF AWAKENING

I THINK think I've always been bisexual, but somehow I was the last to know it.

In my sophomore year of college, my roommate and I decided to get out of the dorms and spend a couple days at her parents' house in a nearby town. We needed some peace and quiet to study for finals.

The house was huge and we each had our own bedroom. My roommate's dad was estranged, but her mother (let's call her Ms. L) was one of those perfect moms who was always there to feed you, laugh, and gossip. Plus, she was really hot.

Ms. L was a voluptuous Persian woman in her late forties with an hourglass figure and beautiful shiny hair. She had a slow, sensual way of moving, which seemed to mimic the slightness of her accent. She was like a Persian Jessica Rabbit in yoga pants.

I didn't know it at the time, but Ms. L was a lesbian. I guess she could sense that I was bisexual, too, because she paid special attention to me, and showered me with compliments.

"You're so beautiful," she said at one point, brushing a piece of stray hair off of my face. It wasn't overly sexual enough for my roommate to be alarmed, but I definitely felt myself get wet when Ms. L touched me.

On the last night I was there, I wasn't feeling great, so I went to bed early. Around midnight, I awoke to Ms. L coming into my room with a cup of tea and some toast. As I drank the tea, she sat on the bed next to me and rubbed my neck and shoulders. The top few buttons on her silk pajama set were open and her cleavage peeked out. Her hair was pulled up into a loose bun on top of her head.

"Does that feel good?" she asked, running her long red nails gently up and down my neck and back.

"Yes," I answered. I was tingling all over, curious and turned-on.

"Such a gorgeous girl," she said, and softly kissed my cheek.

I felt myself blush and wondered if she could tell in the dim light. She kept her face close to mine and I could feel her warm breath. I turned my face toward hers but was too scared to make a move. Then, she gave me a tiny little kiss on the lips. When I didn't flinch, she kissed me again. This time her mouth was open and wet, her tongue exploring mine.

I heard myself moan into her mouth as she laid me down on the bed and straddled me, still kissing. Her thigh rubbed against my pussy and I felt like I could come against her right there.

With unspoken instruction, I raised my arms as she slipped off my T-shirt and began to lick my breasts. She massaged them like she was rolling dough as she coaxed my nipples into erect little spikes.

"Look at your cute little tits," she said, with my nipple in her mouth. "I love them."

HER THICK PUBIC HAIR BRUSHED AGAINST MY LITTLE SHAVED SLIT.

She sat up to unbutton her pajama top, uncovering her own breasts—majestic, pendulous, round, and juicy. She rubbed her big brown nipples against my small pink ones, then leaned over and put one into my mouth. I sucked her as though I was being breastfed.

I could have stayed that way for hours, but soon she started pawing at my bottoms. I practically jumped out of them and then watched as she sat up on her knees and gave me a little striptease, slowly taking off her silk pajama pants, revealing her thick, dark bush.

She kissed down to my panties and slid her wet pussy slowly down my leg as her juices trailed behind. She took off my underpants with her teeth and put her whole face in my soaking wet pussy. She licked and sucked my clit, pausing periodically to tell me how delicious I tasted, and she slid a finger or two inside me. Just as I was about to come, she crawled back up and straddled me again, only this time she positioned herself so we were pussy to pussy.

Her thick pubic hair brushed against my little shaved slit. I felt our wetness mix together until I couldn't tell whose was whose, but I could smell hers distinctly—more musky than mine—the scent creeping up from our throbbing pussies. She rubbed her clit against mine, grinding me, as I kissed her mouth and sucked on her giant tits. I came hard all over her, but she just rode me faster and harder until she came, jamming my fingers into her mouth so that she wouldn't cry out. All night we took turns, pussy-fucking each other and eating each other out, coming again and again.

In the morning, she made pancakes for me and my roommate, who had no clue what had gone down between us. I remember taking a bite of the pancakes and thinking, Well, I guess I'm bisexual.

—Stephanie N., Maple Bluff, Wisconsins

THE CUMTINI

I'VE worked with a lot of hot bartender chicks—even fucked a few of them—but the hottest experience I ever had was about three years ago with this girl named Kristen.

We worked together at an upscale restaurant bar where you could easily go home with $400 a night in tips. The manager hired only the best-looking women, so I was surrounded by eye candy. This was San Diego, so there was no shortage of hotties.

Kristen was tall and Scandinavian-looking, with long blonde hair down to her elbows, bright green eyes, and a except for her perky, plump ass. I swear her ass had a mind of its own, shaking back and forth all over the bar, while every man's eyes followed. She wore cute little outfits—tiny miniskirts, stilettos, silk shirts unbuttoned all the way to her tits—and she smelled expensive as fuck. Every time she walked by and I caught a whiff, I swear I got hard.

SHE KISSED ME HARD, HER TONGUE RUNNING WILD, HER HANDS ON MY CHEST.

Sometimes when we were busy and she was bending over to get a glass, I would put my hands on her tiny waist, move past her ass, and imagine what it would be like to fuck her from behind. I'd fantasize about spreading those cheeks wide, thrusting up into her.

One night the manager got called out, and Kristen and I were left alone to shut down the bar. It was just the two of us. I had already locked the front door and she had cashed out. All we had to do was have a drink and tidy up. Kristen was bending over to pick up some bottles and I put my hands on her waist to move by her.

"You always do that," she said giggling, after I had passed.

"Sorry," I replied. "It's tight back here. I'll try not to do it again."

"I kind of like it, actually," she said, smiling.

"Oh yeah?" I asked.

I moved back behind her ass and returned my hands to her cartoon-size waist.

"Yeah," she replied.

"Do you like it when I do this?" I asked, moving my hips against her ass so she could feel my cock getting hard.

"Oh, hell yeah," she purred.

"How about this?" I asked, moving my hands under her blouse to where her firm tits hung completely braless. I scooped up those perfect handfuls, then squeezed each of her nipples.

"Mmmm," she said.

And with that Kristen stood up, whirled around, and pressed herself against me. She kissed me hard, her tongue running wild, her hands on my chest. I grabbed onto her tight ass and she moaned into my mouth. I rubbed against her like I had before, only now with my cock pressed against her pussy. The only thing between us was our clothes.

I pinned Kristen against the bar and unbuttoned her shirt. I cupped her tits again, leaning down to flick my tongue across her nipples. She dipped her head back and groaned, then I put my hand up her miniskirt, only to discover she wasn't wearing panties, either. Her pussy was totally bare, the lips soft, and she was dripping wet.

"I've wanted you for so long," she said.

I began to circle her clit, but she demanded that I put two fingers inside her instead. I kept kissing her while I vigorously fucked her wet hole with my hand. She came just like that, standing up against the bar, and my mouth fell back to her perfect tits. Then she pulled my face up from her chest and dropped to her knees.

She unbuckled my pants with her teeth and pulled them off me. I stood behind the bar, naked from the waist down, while she sucked my cock like a pro, all the while looking up at me with those green eyes.

"I need you to fuck me," she said, running her tongue from the bottom of my shaft to the head. I helped her up on top of the bar, laid her down, then climbed up on top of her. I put on a condom and kissed down her flat stomach, giving her little pink pussy a couple of licks.

"Take off your shirt," she commanded, and I did.

I tilted up her ass and slowly rubbed my cockhead against her pussy hole and clit, until she was literally begging for me. I drove my cock into her, slow but deep, and she gasped and flung her arms out to clutch the sides of the bar.

"Faster," she moaned, and I obeyed. She was still wearing her stilettos and she wrapped those long, tan legs around me. With her heels locked around my waist, I fucked her hard while she shrieked, coming on my cock again and again, twisting her own nipples and biting her lip so tight I thought it might bleed. She was writhing against me, bucking like a filly, and I knew that I was going to come soon, too. I quickly pulled out of her, ripped off the condom, and positioned myself to unload on her chest.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," she said, reaching down to the side of the bar. She came up smiling, holding a martini glass, which she placed against her chest.

We invented a new cocktail that night, as I blew one of the biggest loads of my life all over that glass and her gorgeous, tanned tits.

—Stephen, Toronto, Ontario

BAD KITTY

A FEW weeks back I was out at a concert at Preservation Hall with some friends. I wasn't really into it, so just as the Dixieland band of geezers started playing I slipped out for a smoke. I stepped into the street and almost bumped right into Chantal, a friend of a friend I'd met a few times.

Chantal was a wacky artist chick with pale skin and Morticia Addams hair. Her real name was Susan, and underneath all that goth was a suburban girl from Michigan. While some of my friends made fun of her, I thought she was incredibly cool and sexy. That night she was wearing a little black dress that hugged every part of her.

We shared a smoke and she told me about some pieces she'd been working on. "You know I live around the corner, right?" she said. "If you want to come up for a few minutes, I can show you my new sculptures."

Chantal lived in one of those classic French Quarter buildings with rotting balconies and a steep wooden staircase that seemed ready to collapse. Her apartment was a studio painted blue and gold with twisted metal sculptures on the floor and rows of bizarre Mardi Gras masks on the walls.

She walked into her kitchen and poured us two big glasses of wine.

"What do you like better, to laugh or to cry?" she asked, handing me a wineglass. Then she put the laughing mask on my face and the crying mask on hers.

The balcony doors were wide-open, there was music and noise coming from the street, someone outside strummed an electric guitar, and Chantal started to dance. After a few minutes, she shimmied out of her dress and kicked it away. Her body was pale, thin, and smooth, yet still curvy. She had a small, firm ass that she knew how to wiggle. As I watched her swaying in her black lace bra and panties, my dick pressed hard into the zipper of my pants.

Chantal sauntered over to me, unbuttoned my shirt, lightly dragged her long nails down my chest, and rubbed her bare skin against mine. Who was this freak? I was totally into her.

She pulled back our masks and kissed me, snaking her tongue in my mouth. She began licking from my chest to my stomach,

then took my rock-hard cock into her mouth and down her throat. She gobbled my balls and licked my sweaty taint, moaning and groaning as if it felt better for her than it did for me. When she wriggled out of her panties I saw a big black bush against her pale white skin, with just a hint of glistening pink pussy lips.

"You want to play with my kitty?" she asked. "Be naughty with my kitty?"

She led me by my dick over to the bed. On the bedpost hung another mask, a black cat with white eyes and whiskers. Chantal put on the mask, scampered onto the bed on all fours, and aimed her beautiful ass and bush at me.

I wasted no time, climbing onto the bed and sticking my cock into her from behind as she groaned and howled with every thrust. I grabbed her long black hair and yanked as she arched her spine. I fucked her faster and deeper, using her ass as leverage while grabbing handfuls of her hair. As she fucked me back I could feel her clench her pussy around my cock. When she came, she trembled so hard the bed shook.

Afterward, Chantal turned on her back and lifted her feet to my shoulders, and I fucked her even harder, all while looking at that black cat mask. Just when I pulled out to shoot my load, she dug her long sharp nails into my legs, and I cried out from a mixture of pain and ecstasy.

I stood over Chantal in her mask, admiring the pool of come on her tits and belly, thinking this had been the greatest fuck of my life. Just then she jumped up, pulled off the mask, and ran into the bathroom. "You can go now," she said over her shoulder before closing the door.

When I got back to Preservation Hall, my friends were just leaving and wondered where the fuck I'd been. "I just needed some air," I said.

— Jackson S., Metairie, Louisiana

BIRD OF A FEATHER

PINK always makes me think of Lia. When I pass a flower shop filled with pink blossoms, I immediately envision my girlfriend's glossy lips curved into a smile. If a stranger wanders past me in a pink skirt, I flash back to Lia wearing her favorite hue. She's as vibrant as the color herself, with a bright personality and a perpetually upbeat attitude.

The fact that she's a painter who is obsessed with the color only enhances the connection for me. Our front door is painted a dark, glossy rose. Lia drives a fuchsia convertible. The polished stones lining our home's walkway match the pale petals of the garden's flowers. Lia's signature color is everywhere.

But one day it was part of a most unusual scene.

I came home earlier than usual one evening and caught my girl, well, pink-handed.

We locked eyes, and she froze, her cheeks flushed like a candy-colored sunset. She was reclined on the sofa with her legs spread wide, having a little one-on-one time with a pink feather duster.

I burst out laughing. Maybe that was a little insensitive. There she was in her altogether, as exposed to me as she possibly could be. But I couldn't help myself. I was so surprised by what I saw. I've arrived home and found Lia baking in the kitchen, naked except for an apron. I've spied her topless sunbathing on our tiny balcony, and I've even surprised her watching a dirty movie on the TV.

This was different. This was Lia without a stitch of clothes on, a bright pink feather duster in one hand, her breath coming fast, her midnight-black curls spiraling around her heart-shaped face.

"James," she whispered. What else could she say? I was feeling a little dirty, so I decided to dust?

"What are you doing?" I asked, when she stammered into silence. Although it was obvious, I had to give her a chance to explain herself. Maybe she had a plausible explanation as to why she was using the feathers on her most intimate areas. If she did have an explanation, I wanted to hear it!

"I was…" she started.

"Dusting yourself," I interrupted, unable to bite my tongue.

"Here's the thing…" She put down the duster. Then she looked around for her clothes. I saw them. She'd apparently been in quite the hurry. Her lacy bra was dangling from the lampshade. The matching panties were on the ottoman. Her floral sundress was a few feet away from where I stood.

"The thing," I repeated, and I couldn't keep the smile off my face. There really was no way for her to come up with an excuse other than the fact that she'd been using a duster to play with her pussy. Her beautiful, perfectly shaved pussy. A pussy I love to play with, to lick and touch and stroke. She sat up straight and nodded as if she was preparing herself to make a bold statement. She sucked in her breath, met my eyes directly and said, "I like being…"

"Dusted," I interrupted.

"Tickled!" she said emphatically. That was the Lia I was used to. Bold and forthcoming, never backing down. An unstoppable force of electricity and energy. And yet, I had not known this. I moved to her side of the sofa and sat down right next to her.

"Tickled," I murmured. "Like…tickled?" I ran my fingertips under her arms. She shivered. I repeated the motion with a little more force. She giggled. I felt my dick twitch.

"Really tickled," she said emphatically as she handed me the duster. There was a type of trust in this gesture that tugged at me. She was revealing something clearly important to her. At the same time, this was the most unusual occurrence I'd come across in our relationship thus far. Even though it was an ordinary feather duster, the type you can purchase at any five-and-dime, the item was obviously a treasure to Lia. I'd noticed the duster in our bedroom before—although I'd never actually seen Lia dust until today. And hadn't I found those feathers in the den once or twice?

SHE JERKED ABOUT SO FORCEFULLY, TWO OF THE SOFA CUSHIONS FELL TO THE FLOOR.

I took the duster and moved so I could trail the feathers along the bottoms of her feet—first her right, then her left. She held herself entirely still. I ran the soft feathers over her pedicured toes. She trilled like a songbird. As I used the duster on the backs of her knees, I tried to imagine what the sensation felt like. I am not a fan of being tickled. Not that I dissolve into laughter or cry out, but the concept never made my dick hard.

But tickling Lia did make my dick hard. So what did that mean? That while I knew I didn't want to be on the receiving end of the feathers, I was definitely enjoying tickling my gorgeous Lia and witnessing her transformation from bold girlfriend to giggly mess. She became a flailing creature who could not hold still. I dusted her ribs. She squirmed and thrashed. I sat back and waited. She pulled herself together. Then I brought the duster up and over her shaved mound, and she was impossible after that. She jerked about so forcefully, two of the sofa cushions fell to the floor. Her breathing was punctuated by bursts of laughter.

"If you want me to do this," I said, "you have to behave."

She attempted to calm herself. That's when I touched her pussy. The wetness pooling there let me know how much she appreciated our activity. She was drenched. I couldn't remember her ever being this turned on during foreplay before. I resumed tickling her with the duster. She reached up and held on to the back of the sofa, gripping the edge tight enough that her knuckles went white.

"How do I know when you've had enough?"

"I'll come," she said.

"For real?"

She nodded.

I didn't ask for permission to continue. The fact that she had her legs spread wide like that, the way that her eyes were begging me, let me know that she wanted this. I continued to tickle her with the feathers and my fingers, alternating between the two sensations. I imagined that, for her, being tickled by someone else was quite different from attempting to tickle herself. She was giving herself over to me. She was not only inviting me into her private fantasies, she was putting me in charge. I would not let her down. I could feel her watching my every move with alert interest.

At first, I dusted her harder and tickled her lightly with my fingers. She whimpered. I used the pink feathers on the insides of her thighs while I flicked her swollen clit with my thumb. She bit her lip. I went wild with the duster, running it erratically up and down her taut body, then finishing with a flourish over her pussy. She came like I'd never seen before. Her curls were bouncing this way and that. She cried out my name, her whole body tightening, and then I watched as she relaxed and released.

There was silence for a moment, but the room felt lit with pink.

I finally asked, “How long has this tickling thing been going on?”

“You make it sound like I’ve been cheating on you with the duster,” she said when she could speak once more.

“Well…”

“I’m not jealous of your hand,” she said. I gave her a sharp look. “I know you jerk off,” she continued. “I do, too. It’s just that I use the duster, and you use your fist. Right?”

She had me there.

“Tell me more,” I said, and I started up again with the pink plaything, running the tips along her torso. “Tell me what you like.”

She couldn’t. She couldn’t speak at all while I was tickling her. I figured that out as she twisted and turned on the sofa, panting and laughing, giggling and begging. I stopped once more. When she could speak again, she continued. “This is my favorite fantasy,” she told me. “It’s what I think about whenever I masturbate, and then sometimes I take things a little beyond that…with the duster.”

“Let’s move this to the bedroom then,” I suggested with delight. Lia scampered to her feet and sprinted ahead of me. I wondered what she was doing, but as soon as I arrived in our doorway, I understood. Had I thought I’d noticed this one feather duster in multiple locations around the house? My mistake. Lia owned a whole slew of them. Her collection was on display, dusters in different sizes and colors which she revealed she’d had hidden under the sweaters in her top dresser drawer.

I assessed the situation for a moment. I picked up two dusters—purple and blue—one for each hand. If we were going to do this, we were going to do this right.

“Lie down,” I ordered, “and hold your hands together over your head.”

Lia did what I said. Her eyes were focused intently on the dusters, and her body was a tight line of anticipation. I started slowly and cautiously. I wasn’t sure how this was going to proceed. I ran the dusters along the soles of her feet. She kicked her legs at first, but then settled back down. She seemed to be doing everything she could to stay still. I, on the other hand, decided to do everything I could to make her flail.

I ran the dusters up the insides of her legs. She barked laughter but didn’t move, a look of steely resolve filling her eyes. This was game on. If the goal was to make her laugh, then squirm, then come, I was definitely down with that.

I let one duster brush over her pussy while the other worked her breasts. Her nipples grew fully erect in seconds. She seemed to be swallowing her laughter, although every once in a while, a giggle would escape from between her lips. I decided to use both dusters on her pussy simultaneously. She raised her hips and spread her legs wide apart. I worried for a second that the feathers would grow wet and matted, but then I glanced back at the massive pile of dusters and realized I didn’t have to be concerned. We had plenty of backups.

I USED ONE DUSTER ON HER CLIT AND DANCED THE OTHER OVER HER ASS CHEEKS.

I tickled her more and more forcefully, taking breaks to gently tease her feet and underarms, before returning with more seriousness to her pussy. When she climaxed again, she came even harder than she had the first time. She was laughing and crying, begging and bucking. I let her ride out her orgasm while I stripped off my clothes. We weren’t done yet. Not by a long shot. But I needed a little relief of my own.

“On your hands and knees,” I insisted. Lia rolled over and assumed the position. I grabbed two fresh dusters—both pink. Then I started to fuck my lady doggy-style. Her pussy was wetter than I could ever remember it being. Tickling had done this to her. I was shocked but elated at the same time. We’d been together for two years, and I’d never known about her kink. Learning this seductive fact definitely turned my arousal on high.

After slamming into her several times, I started up with the dusters once more. I flicked the feathers from the nape of her neck all the way down her spine. She said, “Oh, fuck. Oh my God.” I used one duster on her clit and danced the other over her ass cheeks. Her inner muscles clenched down on my cock powerfully. Now, I was the one to groan and buck. Lia was saying something to me, something under her breath. I could hardly make out the words until she forcefully repeated them.

“It’s your turn.”

She looked over her shoulder at me and winked. My dick throbbed. Did I actually want to be tickled? I couldn’t decide. Even that was something new. I’d gone from never even considering tickling at all, to actually letting myself imagine what it would be like to…

Lia was suddenly climaxing again. Being dick deep inside her, Lia’s orgasm sent me reeling. Her cunt muscles gripped and released my cock at such a rapid pace that I rocketed off inside her in seconds. I was left shaken by the intensity of our mutual release. I pulled out of her pussy and rolled over, staring up at the ceiling with Lia at my side.

“Don’t you want to know?” she whispered. “Aren’t you the slightest bit curious about what it’s like?” She was poised over my body, trailing little kisses from my collarbone down my chest. I was as still as stone. Lia kept kissing me until she had her lips a sliver away from my cock. Then she surprised me by shaking her head and causing her long curls to gently tickle my dick. My eyes snapped opened wide. All of my senses were suddenly on high alert.

“What do you think?” she asked, carefully wrapping a tendril of hair around two fingers, then dragging the curl slowly along my shaft. I’d never felt anything like that. The experience was shattering somehow, as if I were on the edge of a deep chasm of pleasure. I knew I might very well come if she kept touching me like that.

But she didn’t wait to hear my response before jumping into action. She snatched one of the feather dusters. I pushed up on my elbows and said, “Hey, wait…” and that’s when she ran the duster down my body to my groin. I groaned.

“You’re tough,” she said, “such a tough guy. Worried about a pink feather duster doing you in?” She was taunting me.

“I can handle the duster,” I assured her, although I had my doubts.

“Let’s see.”

I liked where we were headed but steeled myself for the feathers. She kept almost absentmindedly flicking me with that ferocious duster. Yes, it was ferocious. Her lazily delivered but well-practiced tickling was nearly devistating. Never had I been so consumed by something fluffy and pink before. My eyes were focused on those feathers as Lia lifted them up and down. What is she doing now? Not touching me! That was almost worse than when she was touching me. The anticipation—which I had observed within her—was worse than actually being tickled! And “worse” was such a strange way to describe an experience that I now found myself looking forward to with a mixture of trepidation and desire.

“Let’s see who lasts longer without coming. We’ll take turns.”

She was already dusting my dick.

“Stop that! You’re cheating. I wasn’t ready.” But truly, I didn’t really want her to stop. I loved the way those feathers felt. I finally understood the desire to be tickled, and as I got lost in the sensations…she stopped. How could she stop when I was so close to climaxing?

“If you can last for a minute without coming, then you tickle me for a minute. Then I will do you for two minutes—and on and on we go. We’ll see how far we get. Who lasts the longest.”

I nodded excitedly, laced my fingers together over my head and waited for her to proceed. The minx did not start with my cock this time. She used the feathers under my arms. I collapsed in seconds, begging for mercy. She smirked at me as I made room for her and she took my spot on the bed.

“You didn’t last ten seconds,” she said. “I can beat that.”

Wow. That hadn’t gone the way I’d expected at all. I picked up two feather dusters, gave her a determined look, and then went at her with gusto. I tickled her tits and her armpits, the insides of her thighs, the bottoms of her feet. She kept her lips sealed. She shook, but she didn’t fold. I’d forgotten I was up against a pro.

Intent on breaking her, I dropped the feathers and used the tips of my fingers. That got me a response. Every so often, I’d whisk her with the duster, but mostly I concentrated on tickling her with my fingertips. When I reached her ribs, she cried out for me to stop.

I took my position on the mattress, excited to see how far I’d get during the second round.

She didn’t tickle me. Instead, she let the feather dusters hover over various portions of my body—as if she were going to tickle me—but never quite making contact. Wracked by anticipation, I realized at some point that I was holding my breath. My desire to feel the feathers was growing brighter by the second. When she finally—oh, sweet lord, finally—stroked my cock with the dusters, I didn’t just sigh with relief, I came.

My explosion shocked both of us. I released a geyser of semen, destroying one of the dusters and coating my beautiful lady’s laughing face.

“I win!” she cried gleefully. She seemed extremely pleased with herself. Not only had she won our game, she’d transformed me into a tickle fiend and I was already looking forward to more.

I grabbed a pair of dusters and proposed, “Best out of three?”

Lia grinned and stretched out invitingly across the mattress.

I knew at that moment we had many years ahead of us, filled with love—and laughter.

—James, Madison, WI

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THE EROTIC REVIEW

WORLDS BEST REVIEW PLATFORM FOR ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

I laid her on her back and expressed strokes of oral fondness to her sweet shaven flower which she seemed to be enjoyably sensitive to. I softly licked and gently sucked the magic emanating from her smooth flowery pedals and applied both simultaneously to budding style until she wriggled away.

★★★★★

★★★★☆

★★★★☆

After sipping some champaign, she retreated to the bathroom to change into an exceptionally hot lingerie outfit. Holy mackerel, this young thing oozed sexuality.

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